



MAGNIFICAT

"This day will I begin to magnify Thee" Josh. III—7

"Magnify the Lord with me" Ps. XXX—3

"Let God be Magnified" Ps. LXX—4

My Soul doth magnify the Lord. Luke 1—46

A Hymnal for Sunday Schools

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

J. LINCOLN HALL

C. AUSTIN MILES

AND

ADAM GEIBEL *Mus. Doc.*

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MAGNIFICAT

HYMNAL FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

For convenience of users the contents of this book are divided into groups. The departmental idea has been carried out, although the hymns need not be restricted to particular or occasional use, as, for the most part they are intended for general and regular uses. A few appropriate Scripture selections are given, the reading of which may precede the singing.

SUGGESTION—Learn at least one new hymn at every session.

In compiling this book the editors have had in mind the needs of Sunday Schools. In each group of carefully written new hymns will also be found appropriate favorite church hymns that have lived through the years.

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PUBLISHERS

21st and Arch Sts., Phila., Pa.

MAGNIFICAT.

No. 1.

Magnify the Lord.

PSALMS XXXIV, LXX.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord; Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name.
2. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord; Praise the Lord, all ye His saints.

Mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, Let us ex - alt His name to - geth - er.
Blest the man that trust - eth Him, There is no want to them that fear Him.

CHORUS. (Ps. lxx.)

Let all those that seek Thee re - joice and be glad in Thee, Let

such as love Thy sal - va - tion say, Let God be mag - ni - fied.

No. 2.

Seek His Courts.

GRACE GORDON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Come, O come ye, O seek His courts with praise, Come, O come ye your
 2. Come, O come ye, your garlands glad-ly twine, Come, O come ye, and
 3. Come, O come ye, like those who came of yore, Come, O come ye, and

glad ho-san-nas raise, O praise ye and a-dore Him This gold-en day of days.
 seek your King di-vine, While heaven's ra-diant glo-ries A-bove our pathway shine.
 in His courts a-dore, Who bless'd in days of old-en Is with us ev-er-more.

CHORUS. UNISON.

On this glad day We would bless Thy name, We would own Thy

PARTS.

UNISON.

sway, And Thy wondrous pow'r and might proclaim, O Lord of all, Thou art

PARTS.

King di-vine, In Thy courts shall ring the songs we sing, Our praise is Thine.

(To be read in concert before singing.)

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts !

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.—From Ps. lxxxiv.

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of
 2. To - day on wear - y na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls; To ho - ly
 3. New gra-ces ev - er gain-ing From this our day of rest, We reach the

care and sadness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly. Thro'
 con - vo - ca-tions The sil-ver trum-pet calls, Where gos-pel light is glowing With
 rest re - maining To spir-its of the blest. To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To

a - ges join'd in tune, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly. Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
 pure and ra-diant beams, And liv-ing wa - ter flow-ing With soul - re fresh-ing streams.
 Fa - ther and to Son; The church her voice uprais-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

No. 4. Ringing in the Sunlight.

EDNA RANDOLPH WORRELL.

R. PLANQUETTE.
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

UNISON. *Sprightly.*

PARTS.

1. Ring-ing in the sun-light Bells of Sabbath sound, While the ra-diant glo - ries
2. Ring-ing in the sun-light 'Neath the skies a - bove, Bells of Sab-bath sound ing,

UNISON.

PARTS.

Far and wide about. Bring to our remembrance, All that God hath done, Happy Sabbath
Tell a Father's love; Love that gave to mor-tals His be - lov - ed Son, Happy Sabbath

SEMI-CHORUS.

bells, ring ye on, ring on! Ring-ing, gladly ringing, Swing-ing, gay-ly swing-ing, Bringing
Ring, ring. Swing, swing. Bring.

sure-ly bring-ing Message sweet of rest. Ring-ing, glad-ly ring-ing, Swing-ing,
bring, bring, bring. Ring, ring, swing,

CHORUS. UNISON.

gay-ly swing-ing, Bringing, joyous Sabbath day so blest! Hap-py bells are ringing,
swing, Bring.

Ring in the Sunlight.—Concluded.

PARTS. UNISON.

Sabbath day to greet, Call to praise the Father, Call to serv-ice sweet; 'Tis the day that

PARTS.

bless ings Ev - er new doth bring, Far and near ye ech - o clear, Sabbath bells, O ring!

No. 5. Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec - on -
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glo - ry
4. May the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound Conquer sin - ners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of

blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem
cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame: From our worldly cares set free, May we
meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our
grace abound, Bring re - lief for all complaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we

of e - ter - nal rest: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ev - er - lasting feast; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - lasting feast.
join the Church above; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church above.

No. 6.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! Praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! Sing, O earth, His
 2. Praise Him! Praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! Praise Him! Je - sus, our bless - ed Re - deem - er! Heav'n - ly por - tals

won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! Hail Him! Highest archangels in glo - ry;
 suf - fer - ed, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal - va - tion,
 loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for - ev - er and ev - er;

Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd, Je - sus will
 Hail Him! Hail Him! Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His praise! Je - sus who
 Crown Him! Crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing! O - ver the

REFRAIN.

guard His children, In His arms He car - ries them all day long: } Praise Him! Praise Him!
 bore our sor - rows, Love unbound - ed, wonderful, deep and strong: }
 world vic - to - rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long: }

tell of His ex - cel - lent great - ness; Praise Him! Praise Him! Ev - er in joy - ful song!

No. 7.

God Calls You.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. A - wake, a - wake, the dawn of day is breaking, Re-joice, re-
 2. A - wake, a - wake, and sing for joy of liv - ing; Re-joice, re-
 3. A - wake, A - wake, a - wake, the twi-light swift is fall - ing, Re-joice, re-
 A - wake, a - wake, Re-joice,

joice, for work that waits for you. A - wake, a - wake, your place with honor
 joice, that God His mer - cy shows; A - wake, a - wake, your heart-felt thanks be
 joice, that you have work to do. A - wake, a - wake, while yet His voice is
 re-joice, A - wake, a - wake,

CHORUS. SOP. AND ALTO.
 tak - ing, Re-joice, re-joice, the Lord calls you.
 giv - ing, Re-joice, re-joice, your needs He knows. } He will pro - vide in
 call - ing, Re-joice, re-joice, that God calls you. }
 Re-joice, re-joice,

ALL.
 ev - 'ry time of troub - le, He will up - lift His own who faint or fall; Re-

joice, re-joice, and praise for - ev - er Him on whom we, trusting, call.
 Rejoice, rejoice, we, trusting, call.

No. 8.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

(To be read in concert before singing.)

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

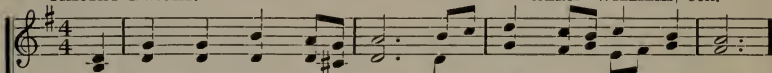
For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.—Ps. cxvii.

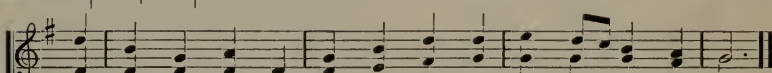
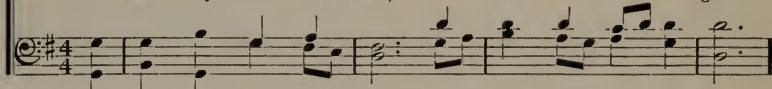
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

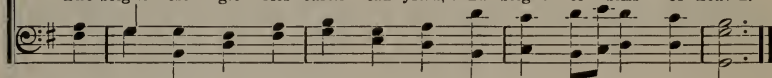
AARON WILLIAMS, Coll.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord,	The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God!	Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall;	For her my pray'rs as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy	I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,	To Zi - on shall be giv'n



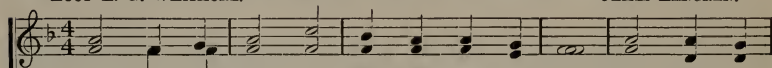
The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.



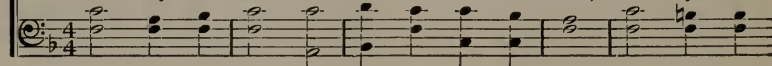
No. 9. Father, Again in Jesus Name we Meet.

LUCY E. G. WHITMORE.

JAMES LANGRAN.



1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet,	And bow in
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy cease - less care,	And all Thy
3. A - las, un - worth - y of Thy bound - less love,	Too oft our
4. O by that name in whom all full - ness dwells,	O by that



Father, Again in Jesus Name we Meet.—Concluded.

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble
works from day to day de - clare; Is not our life with hour - ly
feet from Thee, our Fa - ther, rove; But now, en - cour - aged by Thy
love which ev - 'ry love ex - cels, O by that blood so free - ly

voic - es raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise,
mer - cies crown'd? Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?
voice we come, Re - turn - ing sin - ners to a Fa - ther's home,
shed for sin, O - pen blest mer - cy's gate and take us in.

No. 10. Jesus Calls Us, O'er the Tumult.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

(GALILEE.)

WILLIAM H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Christian, love me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 11.

Jesus is My Song.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Sva...

1. Je - sus in the morn - ing when I wake, When the rays of sun - shine
 2. Je - sus at the noon - day still is near, When it seems so far to
 3. Je - sus in the twi - light still shall be All that I de - sire or

Sva... *Sva...*

gen - tly fall, Call - ing me a - gain my path to take,
 e - ven - tide, Help - ing me in all to per - se - vere,
 need to claim; I shall seek my rest most hap - pi - ly,

7

CHORUS. Sop. and Alto, or Unison.

Je - sus is my song, my all. } Je - sus ev - er is my song and
 He is ev - er at my side. }
 If I still may speak His name. }

PARTS.

sto - ry, Nev - er mine, but al - ways God's the glo - ry, Self - for -

got - ten, in His grace sub - lime, Je - sus ev - er, on - ly, all the time.

No. 12.

On Our Way Rejoicing.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Heark-en to our
 2. If with hon-est-heart-ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou
 3. On our way re-joic-ing Glad-ly let us go; Conquer'd hath our
 4. Un-to God the Fa-ther Joy-ful songs we sing; Un-to God the

prais-es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness?
 find us Do-ing what we can, Thou who giv'st the seed-time
 Lead-er, Vanquished is our foe! Christ with-out, our safe-time
 Sav-iour Thankful hearts we bring; Un-to God the Spir-it

Thine it can-not be! Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee!
 Wilt give large in-crease, Crown the head with blessings, Fill the heart with peace.
 Christ with-in, our joy; Who, if we be faith-ful, Can our hope de-stroy?
 Bow we and a-dore, On our way re-joic-ing Now and ev-er-more!

D.S.—Conquer'd hath our Leader, Vanquish'd is our foe.

CHORUS.

On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Heark-en to our praises,

O Thou God of love! On our way re-joic-ing Glad-ly let us go;

No. 13.

When the Lights Grow Dim.

CLARA E. PUTNAM.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There are gold - en days when the sunbeams smile, And our pray'r is song,
 2. O I know too well that the mists may fall, And the shad - ows creep
 3. When my hope is crush'd and the world seems dross Let me kneel in pray'r,

When the sky is blue and we sing the while Tho' the path be long;
 O'er the brav - est hearts, and the night ap - pal, And the spir - it weep;
 Lay my bur - dens down at the liv - ing cross, Find a bless - ing there;

There are hours when peace like a star a - bove Lifts the soul to Him;
 But be - hind the dark - ness the sky is blue, And the sun - beams shine;
 I have known Christ's love that He gave for me, I be - lieve in Him;

rall. e p
 May my faith still live in Thy ten - der love When the lights grow dim!
 When the lights grow dim may my faith be true To Thy love di - vine!
 For He lived and died that our hearts might see When the lights grow dim.

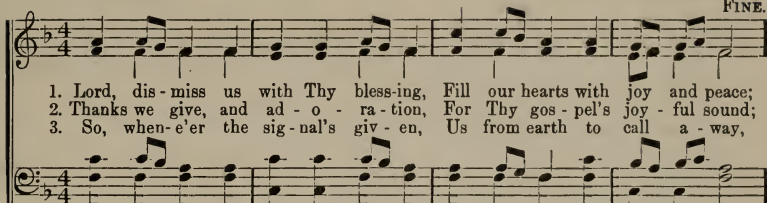
a tempo. f
 May my faith still live in Thy ten - der love When the lights grow dim!
 When the lights grow dim may my faith be true To Thy love di - vine!
 For He lived and died that our hearts might see When the lights grow dim.

No. 14. Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing.

JOHN FAWCETT.

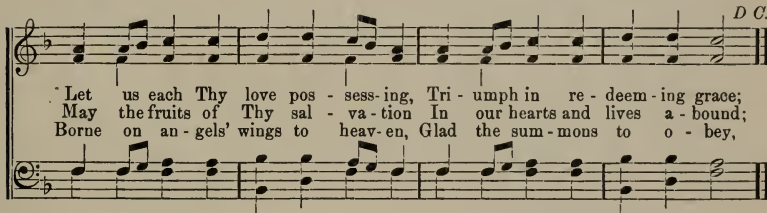
JEAN J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.



1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en, Us from earth to call a - way,

D.C.—O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav' - ling thro' this wil - der - ness.
D.C.—May Thy pres - ence, May Thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.
D.C.—May we ev - er, May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end - less day.

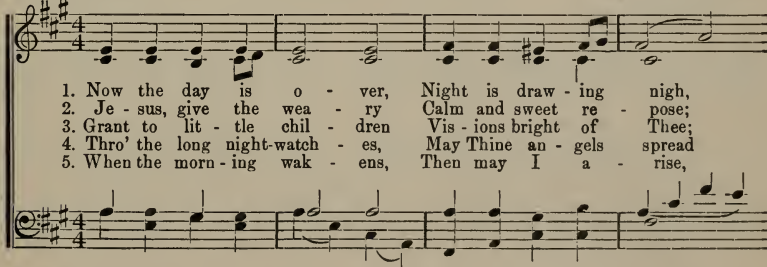


Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en, Glad the sum - mons to o - bey,

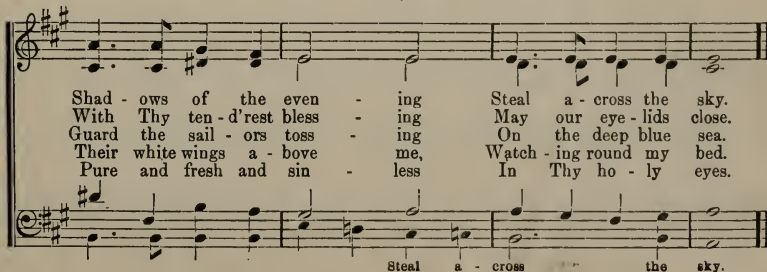
No. 15. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night - watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,



Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d' rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - o - rs toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 16.

Scripture Reading.

(To be read before singing "Listen to the Song." May also be used for other songs.)

LEADER.—O sing unto the Lord a new song : for he has done marvellous things : his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

RESPONSE.—The Lord hath made known his salvation ; his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

L.—He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel : all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

R.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth : make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

L.—Sing unto the Lord with the harp : with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

R.—With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

L.—Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof : the world, and they that dwell therein.

R.—Let the floods clap their hands : Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord ; for he cometh to judge the earth : with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

L.—Consider the lilies how they grow : they toil not, they spin not ; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

R.—If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven ; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith ?

L.—And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

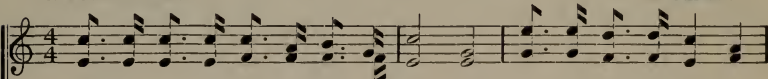
R.—For all these things do the nations of the world seek after : and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

No. 17.

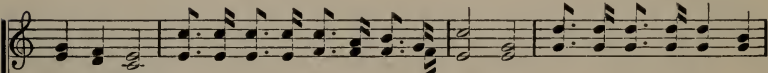
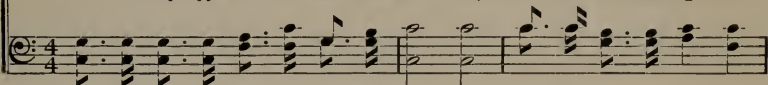
Listen to the Song.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. List - en to the song the birds are sing - ing, Hark - en to the word that
2. Car - ols sweet they sing of faith and du - ty, Each, as God has giv - en
3. If the hap - py birds no sad - ness bor - row, From the hour when night shall



now they bring; High a - bove the trees so swift - ly wing - ing, Can you hear the car - ol
as they may; He who form'd their lives of song and beau - ty Understands their needs, and
fall a - gain; Let us trust the Lord for His to - mor - row, For the way He leads us



Listen to the Song.—Concluded.

glad they sing? Far above the world's harsh dis-cord, Safe from all that harms, they sing.
gives each day. Far above the world's harsh dis-cord, Safe from all that harms, they sing.
shall be plain. Far above the world's harsh dis-cord, Safe from all that harms, they sing.

CHORUS. UNISON.

For He . . . who clothes the lil - ies, And robes . . . the earth so bright,

Be - holds . . . the birds of heav - en That fly . . . on wings of light;

He cares . . . for all who fol - low, With - in . . . His chos-en way,

PARTS.

Be wise to fol - low ev - er, And trust al - way.

No. 18. The Song of the New Crusade.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

ADAM GEIBEL.

UNISON.

1. We come, we come like the hosts of old to triumph o - ver sin,
 2. We come, we come by the will of God, the Lamp of Truth we bear,
 3. We come, we come in a might-y band His cross up-lift-ed high,

The Sun day
 Till shines the
 Our feet keep

SEMI-CHORUS. *ad lib*

School, in an army strong, the world for Christ to win.
 light of the gos-pel ray in glo-ry ev-'ry where;
 time to the glad refrain that floods the sunlit sky.

We'll onward press at the
 With Zion's King as our
 We forward march at the

Master's call, in arm-or bright arrayed, Our voic-es ring in a joyous strain—the
 Lead-er true, we ne'er can be dismay'd, But praise His name, as we shout and sing the
 trumpet's call, our hearts on Christ are stay'd, While loud and clear sounds the music sweet, the

FULL CHORUS.

song of the "New Cru-sade." Forward, press forward, forev-er, Forward! With

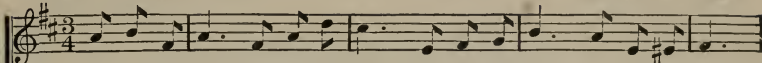
hearts un-dis-may'd, Forward! The world for Jesus, The song of the "New Crusade."

No. 19.

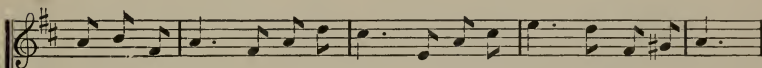
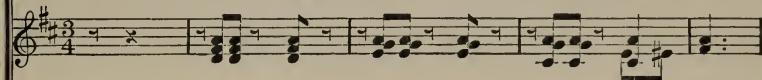
Because He Loved Me So.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

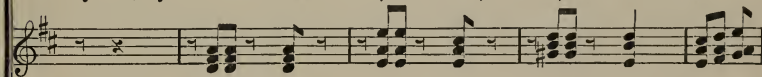
KATHERINE HOWE.



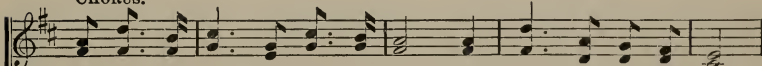
1. For me He left the realms of light, And wandered thro' earth's drear-y night;
2. From heav'n to earth for me He came, For me He bore the scorn and shame;
3. O bless-ed Sav-iour, take my heart, And let me ne'er from Thee de-part;



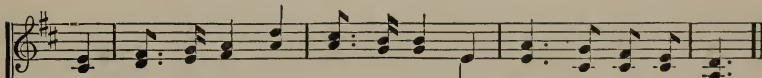
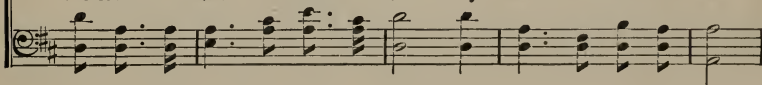
He tast-ed ev-'ry bit-ter woe, And all be-cause He loved me so.
 For me He suf-fer'd here be-low, And all be-cause He loved me so.
 My life, my all to Thee I owe, For Thou, O Christ, hath loved me so.



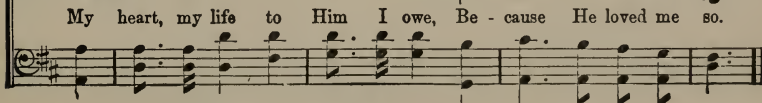
CHORUS.



He loved me so! He loved me so! My Sav-iour loved me so!



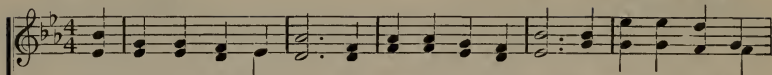
My heart, my life to Him I owe, Be-cause He loved me so.



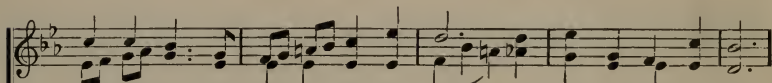
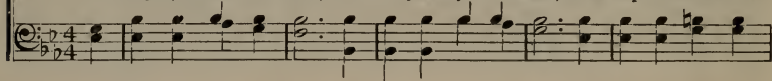
Mrs. S. L. HOWELL.

(Suggested by Miss Slattery's Address.)

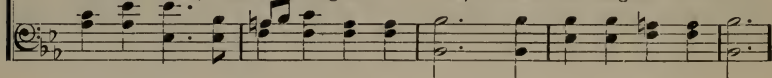
C. AUSTIN MILES.



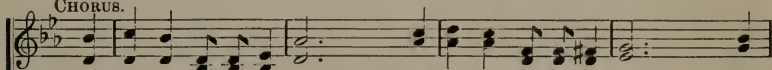
1. There is no star-less sky; The mists of som-bre hue Drift swift-ly by, and
2. If wand'ring o'er the plains The night grows late and long, Look up where shine the
3. God reigns, and all is well; So lift your eyes a - bove; With hope and cheer there



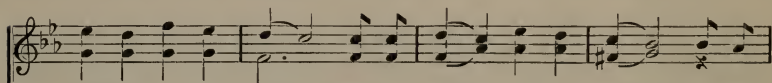
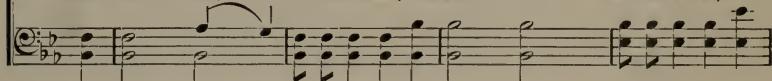
God's clear sky Re - veals a star for me, Re - veals a star for you.
 rays di - vine, And hear the an - gels sing, And hear the an - gels song.
 shin - eth clear, Christ's morning star of love, Christ's morning star of love.



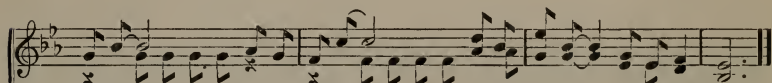
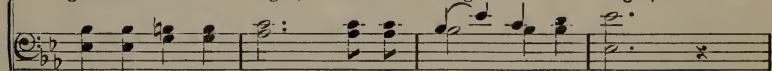
CHORUS.



Then fol - low, fol - low the star, See where it beckons a - far, 'Twill
 Then fol - low, fol - low the star, Seewhere it beckons a - far,

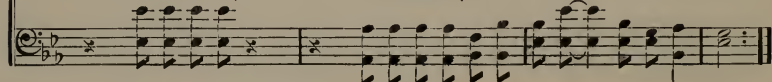


guide me to the light, and a song in the night, If we



fol - low, If we fol - low, If we fol - low, fol - low the star.

If we fol - low, If we fol - low,



No. 21.

Twentieth Century Song.

Rev. WM. STONE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Mar-shall, ye hosts of God, And take this world of sin, Long has the
 2. For-ward, we onward march, A vast and might-y throng, Dark-ness shall
 3. Hast-en the com-ing day, When He shall reign su-preme, Glo-ry shall
 4. Ground arms! The vic-t'ry's won, We march from earth a-way, Je-sus still

bat-tle waged, Yet dark-ness reigns with in. Day dawns, we march a-way, Our
 be dispelled, All na-tions hear our song. Je-sus our Cap-tain is, And
 crown His brow, His praise the an-them theme. High-er the ban-ner raise, His
 leads us on, In realms of glo-rious day. High-er the anthem raise, Let

ban-ner to the breeze, Our bat-tle cry, This world or die, The conquest ne'er give o'er.
 leads the conquest on, A vic-t'ry win O'er death and sin, We raise the victor's song.
 love and pow'r proclaim, The blood-stain'd cross, Ne'er suffer loss, We claim the vic-to-ry.
 heav'n its echo swell, Our spoils we bring And crown Him King, Proclaim Him Conqueror.

CHORUS.

On-ward march, and take this world of sin, Press each foe, the bat-tle now be-gin,

See! Sin yields, we shout the vic-to-ry; Crown Him King! Our song shall ev-er be.

SOLO, or Sops. and Altos in Unison.

1. I have a Friend, than whom I need no oth - er, Who knows my life, my
2. I know His grace will keep my soul from fall - ing And shall sus - tain in
3. That He is mine and I am His for - ev - er Bespeaks for me a

ev - 'ry soul-de - sire; My Saviour He, my King and Elder Broth - er; His love is
time of grief or pain; To do His will and follow while He's calling Will bring me
joy, when life shall end, That from my soul no earthly pow'r can sev - er, When face to

CHORUS. UNISON. *mp*

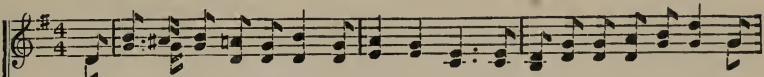
mine, what else should I re - quire? . . . } O Friend of mine, who nev - er will for-
face to face with Him a - gain. . . . }
face I stand with Christ, my Friend. . . }

PARTS.

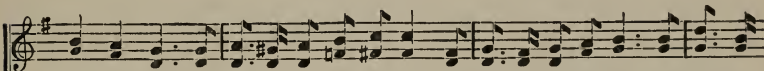
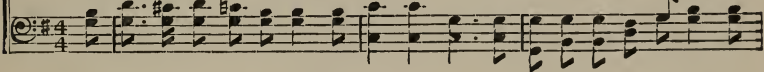
sake, . . . Nor leave me here to face my ma - ny foes a - lone, My hand in

my ma - ny foes a - lone,

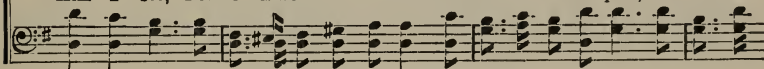
Thine, se-rene my way I take, Content to know Thy grace is ev - er my own. (my own.)



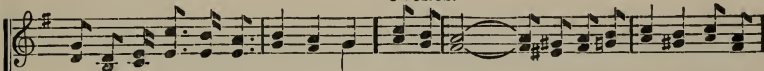
1. You ask what makes me happy The whole day long, Why I am al-ways singing A
 2. I can-not keep from singing Since that glad day, When Jesus took, in mer-cy, My
 3. His love each day is growing More sweet to me, Each day new grace and beauty In



glad-some song; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus
 sins a-way; He o-pened up a fountain Whence streams of gladness start, 'Twas Je-sus
 Him I see; For all this world can of-fer From Him I would not part, Since He has



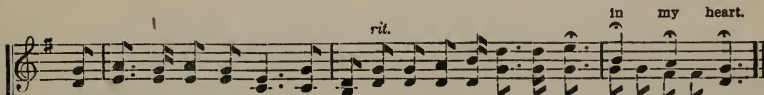
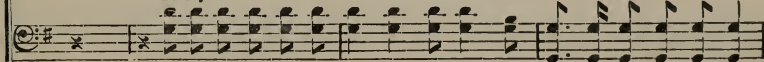
CHORUS.



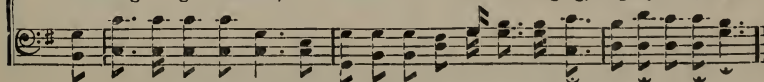
set the mu-sic Ringing in my heart. In my heart . . . He set the mu-sic ringing,



In my life . . . a heav'nly gladness bring-ing; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber



When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus set the mu-sic Ringing, ringing in my heart.



(To be read before singing.)

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.—(*Song of Solomon 2 : 1.*)

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing : the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing : for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness ; the unclean shall not pass over it ; but it shall be for those : the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

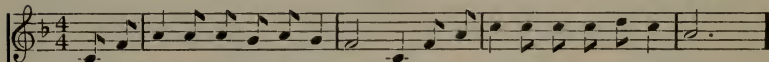
No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there ; but the redeemed shall walk there :

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—(*Isaiah 35 : 1, 2, 5-10.*)

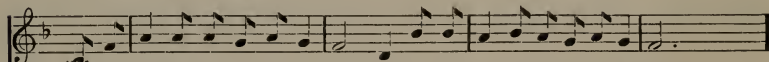
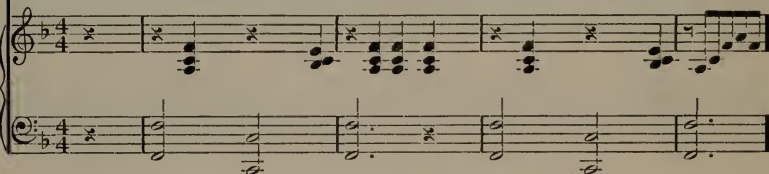
The Rose of Sharon.

H. R. P.

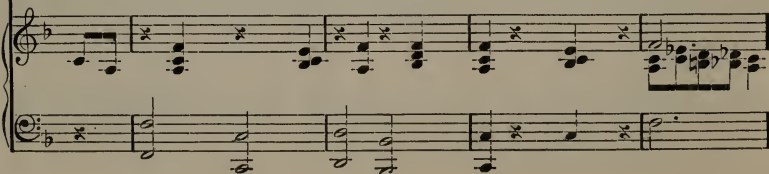
H. R. PALMER.



1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me ;
2. Long a - go in the val-ley so fair, friend, Far a - way by the beau-ti-ful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree,



Its per-fume is per-vad-ing the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloomed, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.



The Rose of Sharon.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

There's a Rose, a love-ly Rose, And its
 Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,
 beau-ty all the world shall see; There's a Rose a
 Rose that blooms for me,
 love-ly Rose, Its per-fume is for you and for me.
 A Rose that blooms for you,

No. 25. By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

REGINALD HEBER.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How sweet the lil-y grows!
 2. Lo, such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
 3. O Thou, whose in-fant feet were found With-in Thy Fa-ther's shrine,
 4. De-pend-ent on Thy boun-teous breath, We seek Thy grace a-lone

How sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew-y rosel
 Whose se-cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
 Whose years, with change-less vir-tue crown'd, Were all a-like di-vine.
 In child-hood, man-hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

(To be read before singing.)

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

Trust and Fear Not.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Once so drear - i - ly we scann'd the cloud - y sky, Won - d'ring
 2. Now we mer - ri - ly our hap - py voic - es raise, O so
 3. Ev - er prais - ing Him whose hand is guid - ing all, Songs we

wear - i - ly where hid the sun, Now so cheer - i - ly we send our
 cheer - i - ly a - long the way, Ev - er loy - al - ly the lov - ing
 raise to Him a - long the way. When we come to Him He sure - ly

songs on high, And praise the Lord that winter's i - cy reign is done.
 wa - ther praise, For countless bless - ings He has sent from day to day.
 hears our call, Lo, we may trust in Him thro' ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

Trust and Fear Not.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

{ Trust in God a-lone and nev-er fear, He the pray'r of faith will surely hear,
 { trust in God a-lone and nev-er fear, He the pray'r of faith will surely hear,

Look to Him when dawns the ear-ly morn-ing, Trust Him in the noon-day,
 Look to Him when dawns the (Omit.....)

trust Him thro' the night, Then ear-ly morn-ing, Trust Him ever thro' the darkest night.

No. 27. God Is Love—His Mercy Brightens.

JOHN BOWRING.

(DOBBNANCE.)

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

1. God is love—His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays and a-ges move,
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless good-ness prove;
 4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 From the mist His bright-ness stream-eth: God is wis-dom, God is love.
 Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth: God is wis-dom, God is love.

No. 28.

Jesus First.

GRACE GORDON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Noth-ing but the best for Je - sus, First in ev - 'ry life and heart,
 2. Noth-ing but the best for Je - sus, Fol - low with a heart so true,
 3. Noth-ing but the best for Je - sus, Mas - ter, may we mind - ful be,

Yield-ing Him our days and mo - ments, Nev - er from His ways de - part.
 First in ev - 'ry plan and pur - pose, First in ev - 'ry deed we do.
 Seek ing first a Sav - iour's king - dom, Know - ing all shall add - ed be.

MALE VOICES, or All in Unison.

SOP. AND ALTO, or All in Parts.

Je - sus, on Thy name we call, Giv - ing un - to Thee our all!

CHORUS. *Unison, with great joyfulness.*

{ First, a - mid the du - ties throng - ing, First, a - mid the joys so sweet,
 { First, though skies may gleam or dark - en, First, His name must be con - fess'd.

PARTS. 1

For His likeness we are long - ing, Ev - er would His praise re - peat.
 His praise re - peat.

Jesus First.—Concluded.

PARTS 2

First, un - to His voice we heark - en, Ev - er would we love Him best.

No. 29. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r;
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. O that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stain'd with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

suff'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and di-d,
 proach gladly bear, Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

CHORUS.
 For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. } So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me. } cross the
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.

cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,

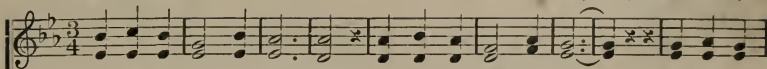
old rug-ged cross, And exchange it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

No. 31.

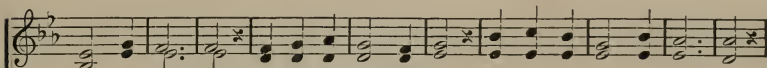
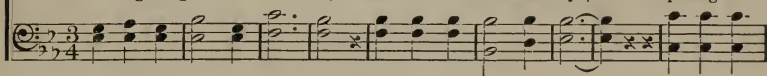
Never a Friend Like Thee.

GRACE GORDON.

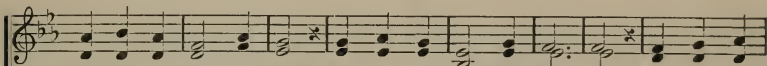
F. CAMPANA.
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)



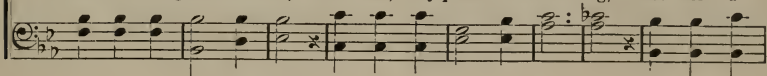
1. Lov-ing me ere I knew Him, Call-ing with voice so sweet, Burdens of
2. Sunlight of glad-ness giv-ing, Fill-ing my heart with cheer, E'er in His
3. Giv-ing me gifts im-mor-tal, Life that en-dures for aye, Op'ning the



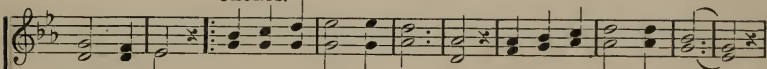
life I brought Him, Knelt at His wounded feet; Naught from that love can sev-er,
light I'm liv-ing, Ev-er I know Him near; Mas-ter, in Thee a-bid-ing,
heav'n-ly por-tal, Lead-ing in roy-al way; Crown-ing with joy ex-cel-ling,



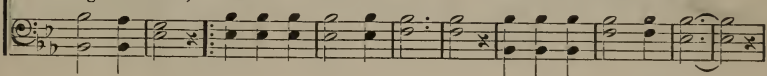
Won-der-ful, changeless, free, Mas-ter, I'll serve Thee ev-er, Nev-er a
Shad-ows of earth must flee, Ev-er Thy chil-dren guid-ing, Nev-er a
Heir of His grace I'll be, Mas-ter, Thy praise I'm tell-ing, Nev-er a



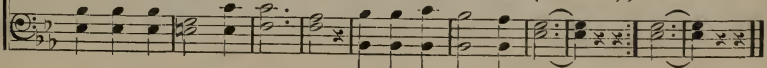
CHORUS.



Friend like Thee! } { Sing of a Friend so loy-al, Sing of a Friend so true,
Light like Thee! } { King of the heav'nly glo-ry, Low-ly of earth was He,
King like Thee! }



Giv-ing His gifts so roy-al, Blessings that aye are new.
Mas-ter, we sing Thy sto-ry, Nev-er was One like (Omit.....) Theel



C. AUSTIN MILER.

Parts.

1. There is a Shepherd who cares for his own, And he is mine; Nothing am
 2. Je - sus left heaven my Saviour to be, And he is mine; I am not
 3. There is a Comfort - er come from a - bove, He too is mine, Coming to
Tenor and Bases, or all in unison, or solo.

I, he's a King on a throne, But he is mine; How he can love such a
 worth all he suffered for me, But he is mine; Tho' I'm not worthy he
 me to re - veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and

sin - ner as I, Tho' he is mine; I can - not fathom tho' oft - en I try,
 dwells in my heart, And he is mine; From him I'll never, no, nev - er de - part,
 Com - forter, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old sto - ry is true,

CHORUS.

But he is mine. } He is mine, . . . He
 For he is mine. }
 They all are mine. } He is mine

Tho' all un - worthy, I know he is mine, He

is mine; Tho' it is wonder - ful, yet it is true, That he is mine.
 yes, he is mine,

1. I am an-ched to His good-ness, For His might-y hand up - holds, Hope, the
 2. I am an-ched to His prom-ise, 'Tis the Fa-ther's changeless word, It was
 3. I am an-ched to His mer-cy, That is boundless and se - cure, And the

CHORUS. UNISON.

an-chor He has giv-en, And that an-chor ev - er holds. } I am anchored to His
 nev - er, nev - er bro-ken, They are safe who trust the Lord. }
 storms can nev - er harm me, For my anchor's ev - er sure. }

PARTS.

goodness, I am anchored to His love, And I'm holding, ev - er hold-ing, Un - to

UNISON.

faith in God a - bove. O the waves may dash a-round me, And the storm-winds hold their

PARTS.

sway, I can nev - er drift to dan-ger, For my an-chor holds for aye.

1. Like an ar-my marching, Come the
2. Who shall bid us tar-ry As we
3. He who is our Lead-er Has the

chil-dren of the King, 'Neath the ban-ner roy-al, Which to us shall vic-t'ry
seek to win the prize? Sin it is to fal-ter As the pre-cious mo-ment
bat-tle fought and won, Strength that shall sustain us Is the gift of God's own

UNISON. PARTS.

bring. We are striv-ing, ev-er striv-ing To pre-pare for no-ble deeds, As we
flies. Fal-ter nev-er, fear no dan-ger, For the promise is se-cure, We shall
Son; Trust Him ev-er, He is with us, 'Til the jour-ney we shall end, Then to

CHORUS.

fol-low, ev-er fol-low Where our Great Commander leads.
con-quer, sure-ly con-quer If we to the end en-dure. } His cross still goes be-
heav-en with re-joic-ing Shall the vic-t'ry song as-cend. }

MALE VOICE. OR ALL.*

fore, And shall lead to vic-to-ry; Raise it high that the

* If inadvisable to have this sung by the male voices, have all sing in unison.

Our Great Commander.—Concluded.

ALL IN UNISON.

world its beau - ty see; We help di - vine im - plore, To pre - pare for no - bler

PARTS.

deeds, As we fol - low, ev - er fol - low Where our Great Commander leads.

No. 35. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er: Some poor sail - or temp - est - tost,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

D. C.—Some poor faint - ing strug - gling sea - man You may res - cue, You may save.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

GRACE GORDON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Give thanks! Give thanks! For - get not all His love; Give
 2. Give thanks! Give thanks! His good-ness aye re - call; Give
 3. Give thanks! Give thanks! O wor - ship Him and praise! Give

UNISON.

thanks! Give thanks to God a - bove! O seek, and ye shall find
 thanks! Give thanks! He giv - eth all; His bless - ings e'er a - bound,
 thanks! Give thanks thro' all thy days! This is His word so true,

CHORUS. UNISON.

That He is ev - er kind! } Come to His courts with a cheer - ful song,
 With kindness are ye crowned!
 His will con - cern - ing you.

PARTS.

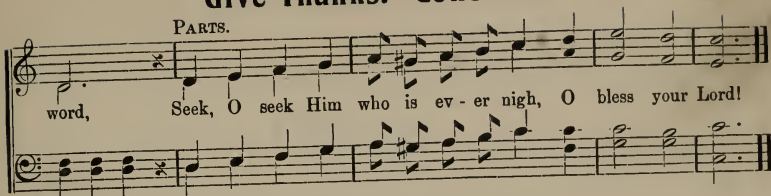
Come to His courts with praise, Worship and glo - ry to God be - long, Joy - ful the

UNISON.

anthems raise! Come to His courts and His name a - dore, Hear of His wondrous

Give Thanks.—Concluded.

PARTS.



word, Seek, O seek Him who is ev - er night, O bless your Lord!

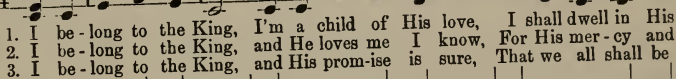
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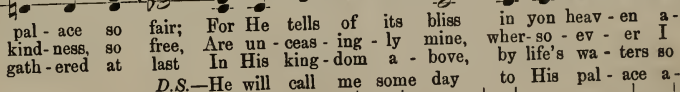
I Belong to the King.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

IDA L. REED.

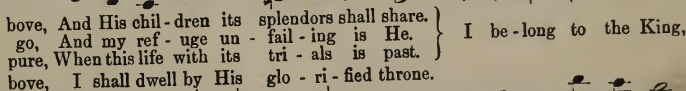
SOLO, or Duet.

- 
1. I be - long to the King, I'm a child of His love, I shall dwell in His
 2. I be - long to the King, and He loves me I know, For His mer - cy and
 3. I be - long to the King, and His prom - ise is sure, That we all shall be

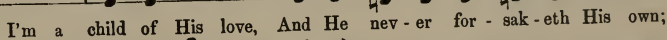


pal - ace so fair; For He tells of its bliss in yon heav - en a -
 kind - ness, so free, Are un - ceas - ing - ly mine, wher - so - ev - er I
 gath - ered at last In His king - dom a - bove, by life's wa - ters so
 D.S.—He will call me some day to His pal - ace a -

FINE. CHORUS.



bove, And His chil - dren its splendors shall share. } I be - long to the King,
 go, And my ref - uge un - fail - ing is He. }
 pure, When this life with its tri - als is past. }
 bove, I shall dwell by His glo - ri - fied throne.



I'm a child of His love, And He nev - er for - sak - eth His own;

No. 38.

The Conquering Cross.

ELIZABETH WOOD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Go for-ward, go for-ward!
 2. Go for-ward, go for-ward!
 3. Go for-ward, go for-ward!

With ea-ger steps and fleet. Go for-ward, go
 God's own can ne'er re-treat. Go for-ward, go
 Your watchword glad re-peat. Go for-ward, go

CHORUS. UNISON.

for-ward! His cross has nev-er met de-feat. Forth for Him; behold His

cross up-lift-ed high! Forth for Him; the King of

PARTS.

kings to you is nigh; Forth for Him; and count the gain of earth as

The Conquering Cross.—Concluded.

cross, For the Lord of light shall give you might, Ye con-quer 'neath His cross.

No. 39. In the Service of the King.

REV. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py, O so
 2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py, O so
 3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py, O so
 4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py, O so

hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth - ing else can bring, In the serv - ice
 hap - py; Thro' the sun - shine and the shad - ow I can sing, In the serv - ice
 hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling, In the serv - ice
 hap - py; All that I pos - sess to Him I glad - ly bring, In the serv - ice

CHORUS.

of the King. In the serv - ice of the King, Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will

bring; I have peace and joy and bless - ing in the serv - ice of the King.

No. 40. If We Only Would Love Jesus More.

C. H. M.

CHARLES H. MASKELL.

1. If we on - ly would love Je - sus more ev - 'ry day, If we on - ly would
2. If we on - ly would love Je - sus more ev - 'ry day. If we on - ly would
3. If we on - ly would love Je - sus more ev - 'ry day, If we on - ly would

trust Him, and serve Him al - way, If we on - ly would fol - low the
walk in the "straight, nar - row way," If we on - ly by faith our dear
ask Him, "Lord, teach us to pray," If we on - ly would see Him while

path that He trod, What a won - der - ful life we would live for our God.
Sav - iour would see, What a won - der - ful change in our lives there would be.
on bend - ed knee, What a won - der - ful change in our hearts there would be.

CHORUS.
If we on - ly would love Je - sus more, If we on - ly would
Love Him more,

love Je - sus more, O the joy of the heart, that would
Love Him more,

If We Only Would Love Jesus More.—Concluded.

Slower.

nev - er de - part, If we on - ly would love Je - sus more. (Love Him more.)

No. 41.

I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He lov'd me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,

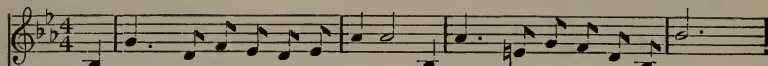
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a - lone the gift of life. But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me save to heav - en.
 So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!

And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
 Nought that I have my own I call. I hold it for the Giv - er:
 Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
 From Him, who loves me now, so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?

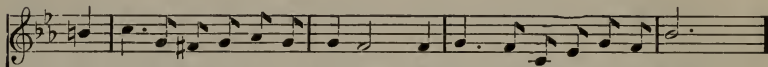
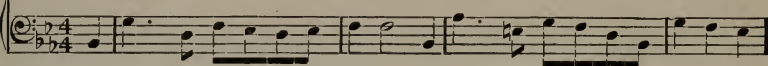
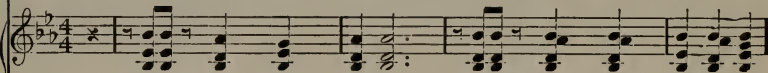
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

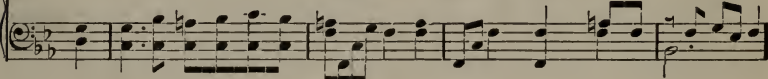
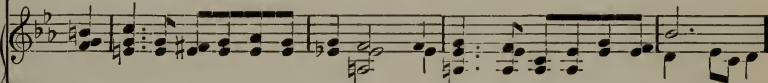
B. D. ACKLEY.



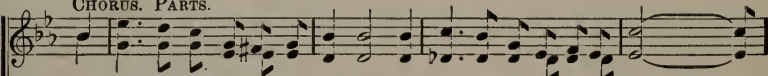
1. Beyond the storm-cloud is the rainbow, Beyond the darkness is the light,
 2. Beyond the winter, is the springtime, Beyond the noise of battle, peace,
 3. Beyond all things stands God, our Father, Beyond His love we cannot go,



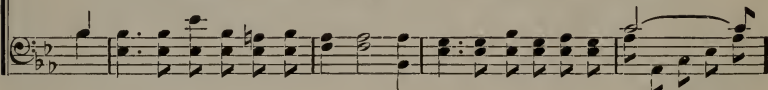
Be - yond the sorrow there is glad-ness, Be - yond the blindness, glorious sight.
 Be - yond the val-ley is the hill-top, Be - yond cap - tiv - i - ty, re - lease.
 Be - yond the world, I'll look to heaven, And trust in Him who loves me so.



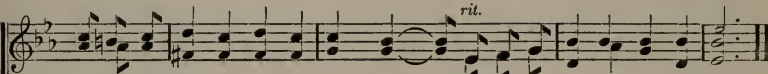
CHORUS. PARTS.



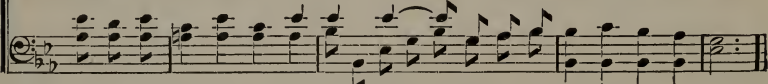
A hymn of praise my heart is sing-ing, For just beyond God waits for me,



God waits for me,



By faith to Him my soul is cling - ing, Till just be-yond His face I see.



doth cling, my soul doth cling,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. E. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
 2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout a - loud the joy, Watch - man of Zi - on,
 3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the moun - tains trem - ble at His word,
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king - dom shall de - stroy;
 glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
 All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
 When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him; There in His like - ness

bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
 ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
 joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

No. 44. Worship the Lord of Glory.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

F. CLARK PERRY.

1. Come re-joic-ing, sing-ing, Praise the Saviour's ho-ly name,
 2. Roy-al trib-ute bring-ing, Tell His wonders day by day,
 3. Ev-er-last-ing prais-es Be to Him who reigns on high,
 1. bless-ed name,

Giv-ing hon-or, glo-ry, All His ma-jes-ty pro-claim.
 Joy-ful chor-als sound-ing To the Lord who reigns for aye.
 Ad-or-a-tion ren-der Je-sus, King of earth and sky.

CHORUS.

Wor-ship His name, cre-a-tion's might-y King,
 MALE VOICES.

SOP. AND TENOR.

Through earth and heav-en let songs ex-ult-ant sing,

ALTO AND SOP.

Gra-cious Re-deem-er whom our souls a-dore,

Worship the Lord of Glory.—Concluded.

PARTS.

Prais - es we bring Him who reigns for ev - er - more.
 Prais - es we bring,

No. 45. Carry Your Cross With a Smile.

INA DULEY OGDON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tho' your heart may be heavy with sorrow and care, You may others to gladness be-guile,
2. Let the well by the wayside that flows unto all Strength impart for each step of the mile;
3. For the work that you faithfully, will-ing-ly do, You shall reap a reward after-while;

If a face like the light of the morning you wear, And car-ry your cross with a smile.
 Let your faith the great promises oft - en re-call, And car-ry your cross with a smile.
 On - ly grace in your service can glo - ri - fy you, So car-ry your cross with a smile.

CHORUS.

Car - ry your cross with a smile, Car - ry your cross with a smile; You may
 Car - ry your cross with a smile, Car - ry your cross with a smile;

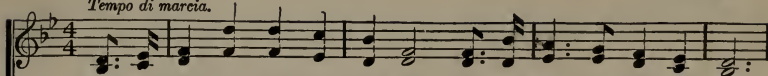
oth - ers from sadness to gladness beguile, If you car - ry your cross with a smile.

No. 46. The Hand that Holds Me Steady.

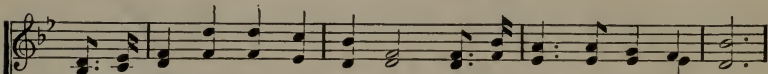
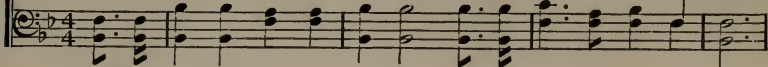
Rev. W. C. POOLE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

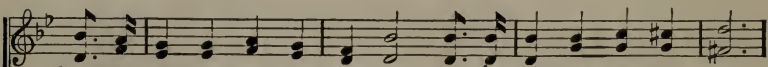
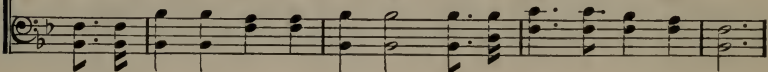
Tempo di marcia.



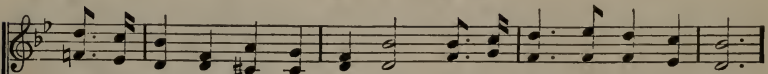
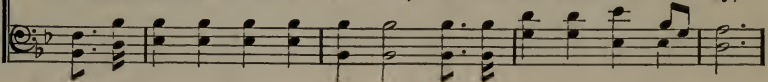
1. There's a hand that safe - ly guides me O - ver all the un-known way;
2. There's a hand that ev - er shields me, When the tempt - er would a - larm;
3. There's a hand that leads to heav - en, Safe - ly thro' a world of sin;



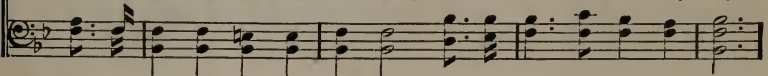
And no mat - ter what be - tides me, This, the hand I love to - day;
There's a hand that ev - er helps me, Guard - ing me from sin and harm;
'Tis the hand that o - ver Sa - tan Shall at last the vic - t'ry win;



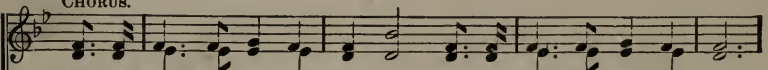
There's a hand that ev - er holds me, 'Tis the hand that keeps me true;
O the pre - cious hand of Je - sus, That was pierc'd on Cal - va - ry;
There's a hand reach'd out to sin - ners, In their sin and need to - day;



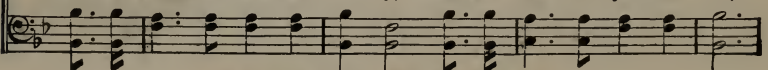
'Tis the nail - pierc'd hand of Je - sus, That was wound - ed once for you.
I will go wher - e'er it lead - eth, With a will - ing heart, and free.
There's a hand that leads them home - ward, Where - so - e'er their feet may stray.



CHORUS.



There's a hand that holds me stead - y, Wound - ed once for you and me;



The Hand that Holds Me Steady.—Concluded.

And my heart cries I am read - y, Bless - ed Lord, to fol - low Thee.

No. 47. The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. 3d and 4th verses by A. A. PAYN.

Dr. WM. S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er
2. How sweet on a bright Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. It was there I was told of the Sav - iour, Who died for my
4. It is there when my heart grows a - wea - ry, I long in its

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
 clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, O
 sins on the tree; It was there when I prayed for my par - don, That He
 shel - ter to be; And to rest in its sweet sa - cred still - ness, Would bring

D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the

FINE. CHORUS.

lit - tle brown church in the vale. } Come to the
 come to the church in the vale. }
 spoke words of com - fort to me. } O come, come, come, come, come, come,
 show - ers of bless - ing to me. }

lit - tle brown church in the vale.

D.S.

church in the wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale;
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Alto prominent.

1. There's a light on clouds of sad-ness, And a rose for ev-'ry thorn, When the
 2. We will bridge the vale of sor-row With the prom-is-es of God; Words so
 3. Let us glad-den pathways lone-ly With a radiance from the sky; Let the

Lord is near, giv-ing songs of cheer, Till our hearts no longer mourn; There's a gleam of
 strong and sure ev-er-more en-dure, Spreading hope and cheer abroad; And we know the
 smil-ing face be a means of grace, To the wea-ry pass-er-by; We will live for

heav'n-ly gladness, Tho' all oth-er lights should fail, When we know the love of the
 bright-to-mor-row, Will outshine the noonday sun; For the Lord of light drives a-
 Je-sus on-ly, And His joy our strength shall be; Till we meet at last, ev-'ry

CHORUS. UNISON.

King a-bove, Love that ev-er shall pre-vail. } Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
 way the night, While e-ter-nal a-ges run. }
 tri-al past, Where His beau-ty we shall see.

PARTS.

UNISON.

PARTS.

He has pardoned all our sin; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! There's a-

There's a Light.—Concluded.

UNISON.

bid - ing peace within; (peace within;) We are hap - py in our Sav - iour, And re - joic - ing

PARTS.

in His love; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah To our bless - ed Friend a - bove!

No. 49. Jesus is All World to Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all; He is my strength from
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore; I go to Him for
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be; O how could I this
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend; I trust Him now, I'll

day to day, With - out Him I would fall. When I am sad, to Him I go,
blessings, and He gives them o'er and o'er. He sends the sunshine and the rain.
friend de - ny, When He's so true to me? Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right,
trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end. Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend,

No oth - er one can cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
He sends the harvest's golden grain; Sunshine and rain, harvest of grain, He's my friend.
He watches o'er me day and night; Following Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
Beau - ti - ful life that has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 50.

The Banner of the Cross.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
 2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand - ard
 3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
 4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw - ing ver - y near— It is hast - 'ning

of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,
 be dis - played, And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,
 ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
 day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear,

CHORUS.

While as ran - somed ones we sing.
 For the truth be not dis - mayed! } Marching on, march - ing
 While the Lord shall claim His own! } on, on,
 And the cross the world shall sway!

on, For Christ count ev - 'ry - thing but loss! And to
 on, on, ev - 'ry - thing but loss!

crown Him King, toil and sing 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross!
 we'll Be - neath

No. 51.

The Everlasting Love.

W. C. POOLE.
UNISON.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I know of a love that is stron - ger than sin, A love that is
 2. I know of a love that is seek - ing to - day Far o - ver the
 3. I know of a love that is test - ed and tried, A love that is
 4. I know of a love that is stead - y and true, A love that brings

ev - er a - bid - ing with - in, A love that is help - ing me
 moun - tains for lost ones a - stray, To bring them back in - to the
 faith - ful and bound - less and wide, A love that is full as the
 bless - ings each day like the dew, A love that is wait - ing in

rit.
 vic - t'ry to win; It is the love of Je - sus.
 heav - en - ward way; It is the love of Je - sus.
 o - cean's full tide; It is the love of Je - sus.
 good - ness for you; It is the love of Je - sus.

ff CHORUS. PARTS.
 Wide, as wide as the bound - less sea, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty,
 Wide, as

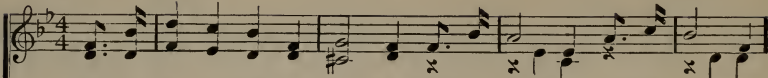
rit.
 Help - ing me on to vic - to - ry; It is the love of Je - sus.

No. 52.

The Sunday School Army.

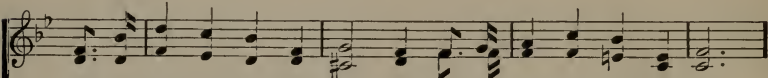
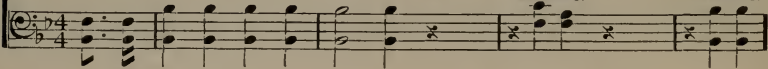
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

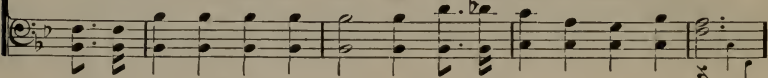


1. There's an ar - my true and loy - al, Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,
2. There's an ar - my val - iant, glo - rious, Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,
3. There's an ar - my joy - ous sing - ing, Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,

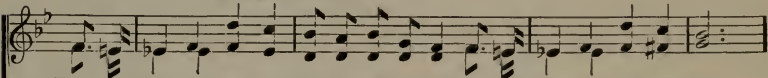
Marching, marching,



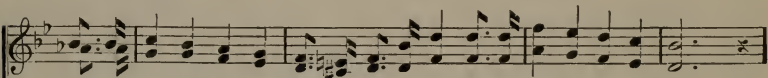
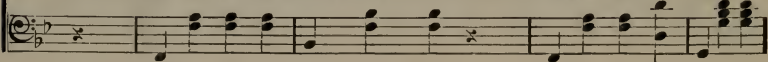
'Tis the King's own ar - my roy - al, And 'tis march - ing, march - ing on.
 'Tis the King's own host vic - to - rious, And 'tis march - ing, march - ing on.
 And the trum - pet notes are ring - ing, As 'tis march - ing, march - ing on.



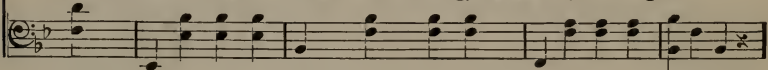
SOP. AND ALTO OR SEMI-CHORUS.



For the right en - list - ed, serving in His name, With the Lead - er, God's own Son,
 There's a con - flict rag - ing—conquest will be sure, And the king - ly vic - t'ry won.
 'Tis the roy - al Lead - er gives a crown of life, When the task at last is done.

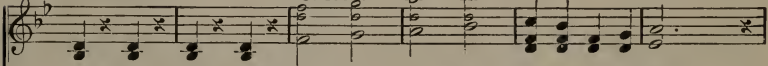


'Tis a world - wide throng, the Sunday School so strong, Like an army marching on.

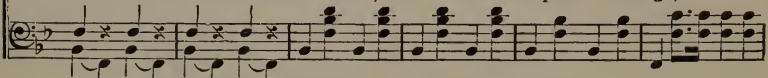


CHORUS.

UNISON.



March! march! march! march! On - ward, on - ward conquer in His sign,



The Sunday School Army.—Concluded.

On - ward, on - ward, lo, His banner bright is leading us, then On - ward, on - ward,

PARTS.

vic - t'ry glo - rious shine, now shine, Marching on, marching on, For the King di - vine.

No. 53. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonder - ful words of Life; Let me more of their
2. Christ, the blessed One gives to all, Wonder - ful words of Life; Sin - ner, list to the
3. Sweet - ly ech - oes the gos - pel call, Wonder - ful words of Life; Of - fer par - don and

beau - ty see, Wonder - ful words of Life. Words of life and beau - ty Teach me faith and
lov - ing call, Wonder - ful words of Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to
peace to all, Wonder - ful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for -

REFRAIN.

du - ty: }
heav - en: } Beau - ti - ful words, wonder - ful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life.
ev - er: }

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Sva.....

1. Bless-ed bells, gos-pel bells, From the tow'rs they clear-ly ring,
 2. Bless-ed bells, gos-pel bells, 'Neath the bend-ing sky ye sway,
 3. Bless-ed bells, gos-pel bells, Still re-sound-ing far and near,

Sva.....

Heavens mes-sage sweet-ly bring, Blessed bells, sil-v'ry bells, Bid us
 Greet the Fa-ther's ho-ly day, Blessed bells, sil-v'ry bells, Far and
 Glad of heart your notes we hear, Blessed bells, sil-v'ry bells, May your

Sva.....

heark-en one and all, To the gen-tle Saviour's call!
 wide your ech-oes fall With the joy-ful Sab-bath call!
 mu-sic aye-en-thrall With the joy-ful gos-pel's call!

CHORUS. UNISON.

Gos-pel bells, bless-ed bells, Bless-ed ti-dings un-to us ye bring,

PARTS.

Gos-pel bells, bless-ed bells, Ye are call-ing us to praise our King!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.
Melody in Alto.*

1. O sun-ny slope Which Je-sus sought, What blessed hope,
 2. O mount so blest, O mount so fair! Where sought He rest,
 3. O qui-et hill, Where pra'd the Son, "Lord, not my will,
 1. O sun-ny slope Which Je-sus sought, What blessed hope,

What peace He brought! His words di-vine, We'll ne'er for-get,
 In lone-ly pray'r, Tho' years are dim, We treasure yet,
 But Thine be done; The Lord of all His an-guish met,
 What peace He brought! His words divine, We'll ne'er forget,

rit. CHORUS.
 As mem'ries twine round Ol-i - vet.
 The thought of Him on Ol-i - vet. O Ol - i - vet, blest
 May we re - call blest Ol-i - vet. the blest,
 As mem'ries twine round Ol - i - vet.

Ol - i - vet, The Syr-ian skies are bending fair a - bove; O Ol - i -
 the blest, are bend-ing fair a - bove;

rit. e dim.
 vet, blest Ol - i - vet, Bring to our hearts the Lord we love.
 O Ol - i - vet, blest Ol - i - vet, Bring to our hearts the Lord we love.

* If preferred, soprano may sing the melody with the alto.
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1. Raise the stand-ard of the Lord on high, Bring the ban-ner of sal-va-tion nigh;
 2. Joy-ful be our hearts, our lives be bright, Pressing on-ward in the Saviour's might;
 3. Take the mes-sage un-to all the earth, Let the na-tions know the gos-pel worth;

For-ward, Christians, shouting vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! This the song shall be.
 Courage, Christians, heed the Captain's call, Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Peace and joy for all.
 Has-ten with the news that God is love; Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Com-eth from a-bove.

CHORUS.

{ On! On! With His banner o'er us, On! On! Je-sus goes be-fore us,
 { On! On! Where-so-e'er He sends us, On! On! God a-bove defends us,

1
 On! On! Raise the hap-py cho-rus, Vic-to-ry!

2
 On! On! Vic-to-ry at-tends us Ev-'ry-where we go.

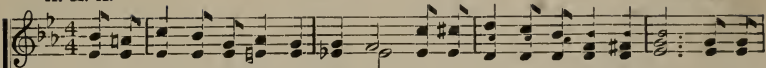
No. 57.

Listen to the Song Birds.

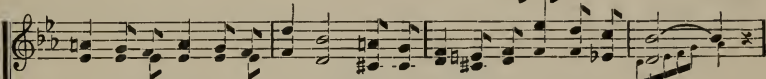
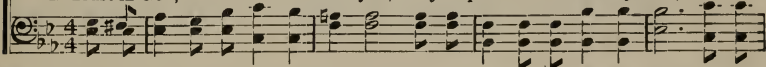
A. H. A.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. and A. H. Ackley.

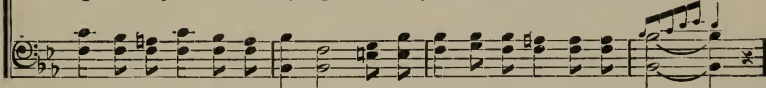
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.



1. If you walk in the vale of sor-row, Do not droop like the fad-ing flow'r, God still
2. In the morn when the day is break-ing, When at evening the shadows fall; When the
3. Ev-'ry tune is a hymn of glad-ness, Ev-'ry note is a song of praise; In the
4. Trust in God, He will nev-er fail you, Why re-pine when He loves you so; If the

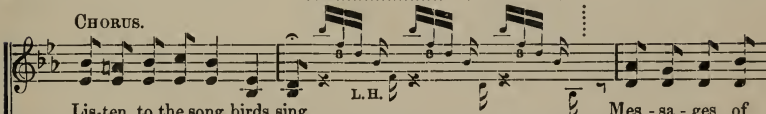


lives and His arms are a-bout you, Hear the birds in the vine-cov-ered bow'r. . .
 night folds the world in its darkness, Their sweet music the soul seems to call. . .
 storm and the rain they are singing, As they sing on the bright summer days. . .
 song birds re-joice in His keep-ing, There is joy and contentment for you. . .

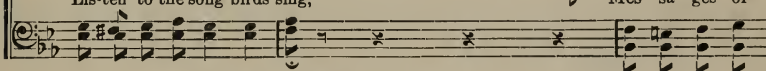


Sva......

CHORUS.



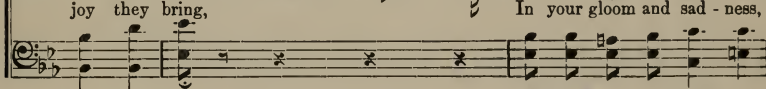
Lis-ten to the song birds sing, L. H. Mes-sa- ges of



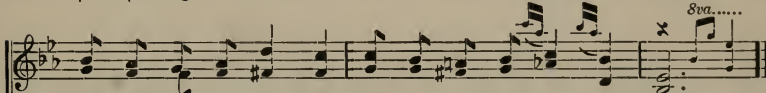
Sva......



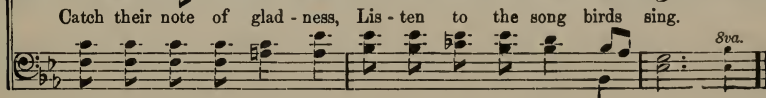
joy they bring, L. H. In your gloom and sad-ness,



Sva......



Catch their note of glad-ness, Lis-ten to the song birds sing.



Sva.

No. 58.

Take My Yoke and Learn of Me.

GRACE GORDON.

SOP. AND ALTO.

ALFRED JUDSON.
(Cho. arr. from Czibulka.)

SOP. AND ALTO.

PARTS.

1. In the days of old - en, Came a throng who sought, While a mes-sage gold - en,
 2. With our hearts so low - ly, Un - to Him we turn, And His les-sons ho - ly
 3. Mas - ter, all for-sak - ing, Thy dis - ci - ples, we, And Thy yoke now tak - ing

PARTS.

CHORUS. (From Czibulka.)

SOP. AND ALTO. *Moderato espress*

Christ the Saviour taught.
 Would we ev - er learn. } "Take my yoke and learn of me," Golden are the words of
 We would learn of Thee. }

Gal - i - lee, Words of peace 'mid earthly strife, Message of the Master, words of life.

PARTS.

"Take my yoke and learn of me," Mas - ter, may we heark - en, taught by Thee,

Les - son sweet from heav'n a - bove, Learn - ing of the Sav - iour, Lord of love.

No. 59.

'Tis Love, Redeeming Love.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Faith - ful is He, and great His mer - cies are; Last - ing is His love,
 2. Love found a way to res - cue fall - en man, Love so full and free,
 3. "Love is the chain, the gold - en chain that binds Hap - py souls a - bove,

last - ing is His love; All thro' His word His prom - is - es de - clare, His
 love so full and free; 'Twas love that form'd and car - ried on the plan, And
 hap - py souls a - bove; He is an heir of heav'n in - deed who finds His

CHORUS. UNISON. PARTS.

love shall nev - er move. }
 sent my Lord to me. } 'Tis love, 'tis love, re - deem - ing love, 'Tis love that
 bo - som glow with love. }

ev - er will a - bide, 'Tis love that knows no ebb nor flow,
 that ev - er will a - bide, no ebb nor flow,

'Tis love that o - pened wide a crim - son tide That wash - es white as snow.

No. 60. Have Ye Ne'er Heard of a Shepherd?

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.—Sop. and Alto.

1. Have ye ne'er heard of a Shep-herd Guiding with hand of love? Leading, so
 2. Have ye ne'er heard of a Mas-ter Treading our earth-ly way, Toil-ing in
 3. Have ye ne'er heard of a Sav-iour? Nev-er was love so free; High-er than

LOW VOICES.

lov-ing-ly lead-ing Un-to His fold a-bove? Guiding where pastures are
 Naz-a-reth low-ly, Faithful from day to day. Love of the Fa-ther re-
 height of the heav-en, Deep as un-fath-omed sea. Bur-dens for us He was

HIGH VOICES.

PARTS.

grow-ing, Guiding where wa-ters are flow-ing, Care that is con-stant be-
 veal-ing, By His own Spir-it now seal-ing, Low at Thy feet we are
 bear-ing, Blessings with us He was shar-ing, E'en un-to Cal-va-ry

CHORUS.

stow-ing, Shepherd, we'll follow Thee. }
 kneel-ing, Mas-ter, we'll follow Thee. } Fol-low, fol-low, Sweet is the path of His
 far-ing, Saviour, we'll follow Thee. }

choos-ing; Nev-er His bidding re-fus-ing; Hear ye Him! Fol-low, fol-low,

Have Ye Ne'er Heard of a Shepherd?—Concluded.

PARTS.

Mes-sage of mer-cy re-peat-ing, Hear Him, hear Him! Fol-low ye, fol-low on!

No. 61. Give Me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,

But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watch - ing o'er me I can sing, tho' bil - lows roll.
 Then throughout my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, bright - er vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

CHORUS.

O the height and depth of mer - cy! O the length and breadth of love!

O the full - ness of re - demp - tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

No. 52.

Faithful and Fearless.

LOUELLA LEONARD.

G. VERDI.
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)*All voices in Unison. Spirited.*

1. Faith-ful and fear-less, go forth 'neath His guid-ing, The joy of Je - ho - vah, is
2. Stead-fast and stal-wart, there's naught can defeat you, The anthems of vic - t'ry, re -

strength all a - bid-ing; He that hath call'd you shall crown you with glory, Then faithful and
joic-ing shall greet you, His is the ar-mor, the ar-mor un - fail-ing, The sword of the

fear-less, proclaim ye His sto-ry, Tell ye His sto-ry, Be fear-less!
spir - it, His prom-ise pre - vail-ing, Prom-ise pre - vail-ing, Be faith-ful!

CHORUS.

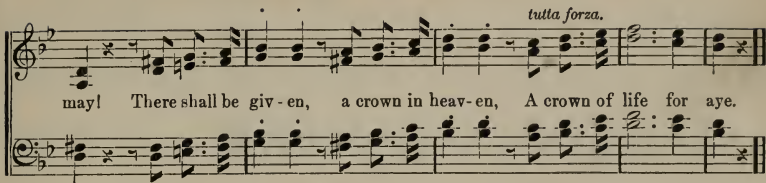
On, on, a crown of life shall be your vic-t'ry to - ken, On, on, your

PARTS.

sword in strife, the word that He hath spo-ken, On, on, let naught your soul dis -

Faithful and Fearless.—Concluded.

tutta forza.



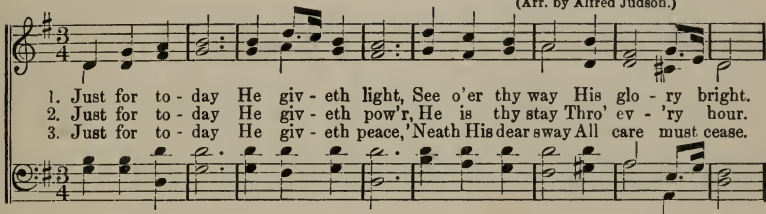
may! There shall be giv-en, a crown in heav-en, A crown of life for aye.

No. 63.

'Tis Thine To-Day.

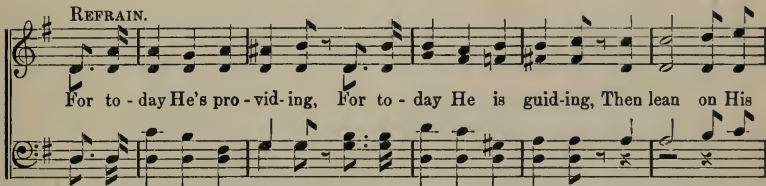
GRACE GORDON.

From BEETHOVEN'S 2d Symphony.
(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

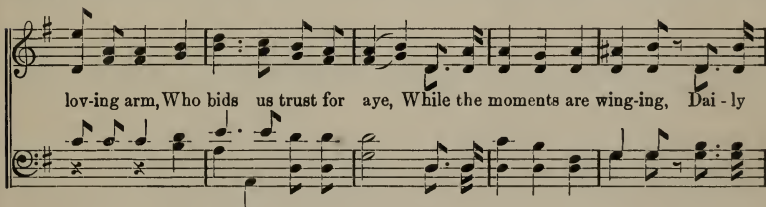


1. Just for to-day He giv-eth light, See o'er thy way His glo-ry bright.
2. Just for to-day He giv-eth pow'r, He is thy stay Thro' ev-'ry hour.
3. Just for to-day He giv-eth peace, 'Neath His dear sway All care must cease.

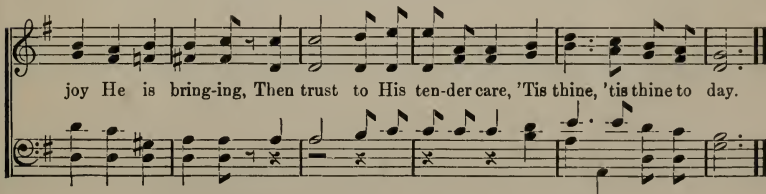
REFRAIN.



For to-day He's pro-vid-ing, For to-day He is guid-ing, Then lean on His



lov-ing arm, Who bids us trust for aye, While the moments are wing-ing, Dai-ly



joy He is bring-ing, Then trust to His ten-der care, 'Tis thine, 'tis thine to day.

No. 64. All Thy Works Shall Praise Thee.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.
UNISON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.
PARTS.

1. All Thy works shall praise Thee, King most high, Lo, Thy hand hath wrought them, Mountain peaks of
2. Ev - er - last - ing hills Thy might proclaim; Midnight's starry glo - ry, Si - lent trib - ute
3. Thine the hand so mighty, ten - der, strong, Ev - er - more up - hold - ing, All His works of

UNISON.

old - en, Vales of sunlight gold - en, Beauty Thou hast brought them; Loft - y is Thy
bear - ing, Pow'r di - vine de - clar - ing, Tells cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Dis - tant isles of
won - der, Humbly may we pon - der, Love di - vine be - hold - ing; Blessings day by

PARTS

love as dis - tant sky, Deep as roll - ing o - cean, King most high, King most high;
o - cean bless Thy name, Own Thee bounteous Giv - er, King most high, King most high;
day our pathway crown, Great Thy lov - ing kindness, King most high, King most high;

CHORUS. UNISON.

Great Crea - tor, praise! We praise Thee! Pow'r is Thine, changeless as of old,

PARTS. UNISON.

'Tis Thy hand earth hath spanned; All Thy wondrous works declare Thee, King di - vine.

All Thy Works Shall Praise Thee.—Concluded.

PARTS.




we Thy might be - hold; Strong Thine arm to shield from harm, And e'er up - hold.

No. 65. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR PAGE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

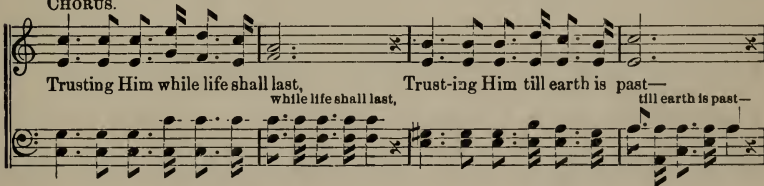


1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day; Trust - ing thro' a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
3. Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,

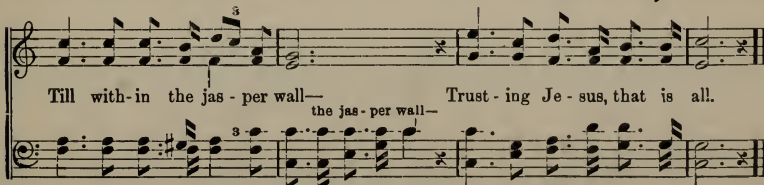


E - ven when my faith is small, - Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads, I can - not fall, - Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call, - Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Trust - ing Hlm, what e'er be - fall, - Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.



Trusting Him while life shall last, while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past - till earth is past -



Till with - in the jas - per wall - the jas - per wall - Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

No. 66.

The King of Glory.

(To be read before singing.)

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

No. 67.

The King of Glory.

EDNA RANDOLPH WORRELL.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

(Arr. by Alfred Judson.)

UNISON.

PARTS.

O lift your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift-ed up, Ye ev-er-

UNISON.

last-ing doors, and let the King of glo-ry in. Un-fold, O hearts; for He

PARTS.

waits, the King of glo-ry waits To rule with pow'r, to rule with love, the

UNISON.

hearts that He loves to win. Who is this King, Whose praise we sing

The King of Glory.—Concluded.

UNISON.

For whom the por - tals of the heav - ens swing! The Lord of hosts, He is

PARTS.

called the King of glo - ry, The migh - ty Lord of bat - tle, He Who con quers the

SOP. AND ALTO.

world of sin. Then seek His face with con - science pure, His ho - ly bill with -

UNISON.

in to dwell se - cure, Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye

PARTS.

lift - ed up, Ye ev - er - last - ing doors, and let the King of glo - ry in!

No. 68.

Keep in Step.

LOUELLA LEONARD.

S. B. STAMBAUGH.

UNISON. *Lively march time.*

PARTS.

1. Keep in step with teaching of His word, 'Tis a guide for all our way, As we
2. Keep in step, and fal - ter not nor fear, 'Tis the way that He has trod, As we

on - ward go in serv - ice of the Sav - iour, There is vic - t'ry ev - 'ry day.
on - ward press to win a crown of glo - ry, In the man - sions of our God.

UNISON.

PARTS.

Ev - er keep in step with sol - diers of the cross, 'Neath a light that ne'er grows dim,
'Tis a joy - ful jour - ney in His path divine, And His call our hearts o - bey,

For the Lord is lead - ing, then His guidance heeding, Keep in step with Him!
For the Lord is lead - ing, then His guidance heeding, Keep in step for aye.

CHORUS. UNISON.

{ There is vic - t'ry ev - 'ry day, If we walk His cho - sen way,
There's a ra - diant crown of life, Af - ter earth - ly toil and strife,

Keep in Step.—Concluded.

PARTS. 1

For His path we tread, by a Fa-ther led, 'Neath a light that ne'er will dim.

PARTS. 2

For the Lord shall lead and His voice we heed, While keeping step with Him.

No. 69. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King all-glor-ious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
 light, whose can-o-py, space; His char-iot of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! How

An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
 thun-der clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

DOROTHY WARD.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a word of com-fort, For our way, 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther
 2. There's a word of glad-ness He has giv'n, Speaks in ten-d'rest mer-cy
 3. There's a word of cour-age E'er shall cheer. Though the shad-ows dark-en

CHORUS. UNISON. *Much faster.*

Speaks to-day, Thou art mine! Thou art mine! } Yes, I am with thee,
 God in heav'n. Thou art mine! Thou art mine! }
 Still we hear Thou art mine! Thou art mine! }

PARTS.

fear thou not! . . . Yes, I am with thee, fear thou not!

SOP. AND ALTO.

Riv-ers shall o-ver-flow thee nev-er, . . .

MALE VOICES, or All Unison.

PARTS.

I have re-deem'd thy soul for- ever, Fear thou not! . . .
 Fear thou

Thou Art Mine.—Concluded.

Musical notation for the conclusion of 'Thou Art Mine'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Fear thou not! Thou art mine! Fear not!'. There are asterisks above some notes in the treble staff.

* A few selected voices may sing small notes.

No. 71. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Rev. H. F. LYTE.

MOZART.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee; 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too; 3. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;'. There are asterisks above some notes in the treble staff.

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be.
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not like them un - true.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mix'd with Thee.

No. 72.

All My Father Has is Mine.

DOROTHY WARD.

M. ISABELLE RITTER.

1. I can nev - er count my treas - ure, Rich - es of His grace di - vine,
 2. Mine, His promised word un - brok - en Ev - er like a light to shine,
 3. Ev - 'ry need His hand sup - ply - ing, Un - to Him I'll all re - sign.

Bless - ings in their full - est meas - ure, All my Fa - ther has is mine!
 Ev - 'ry day brings some new tok - en, All my Fa - ther has is mine!
 Ev - er on His word re - ly - ing, All my Fa - ther has is mine!

CHORUS.

Prais - ing Him, the boun - teous Giv - er, Who can count His bless - ings fair?
 MALE VOICES.

Lov - ing kindness keeps me ev - er, Rich - es of the King I share.

ALL IN UNISON. *a tempo.*

Ev - er shall my heart be sing - ing, Sing - ing of His love di - vine,

All My Father Has is Mine.—Concluded.

PARTS.

Free-ly are they giv - en, wondrous gifts from heaven, All my Fa-ther has is mine!

No. 73. There Is a Land of Pure Delight.

ISAAC WATTS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign,
 2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green;
 3. O could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,

E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
 So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween.
 And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes!

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er with - 'ring flow'rs;
 But tim - 'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea;
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood. And view the land - scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides, This heav'n - ly land from ours.
 And lin - ger, shiv'r - ing on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 74.

'Tis Done for Thee.

GRACE GORDON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO, or All in Unison.

1. 'Tis done for Thee! The serv-ice may be low - ly, A kind - ly
 2. 'Tis done for Thee! A low - ly deed, yet loy - al, A hum - ble
 3. 'Tis lived for Thee! A life of dai - ly du - ty, 'Mid thronging

word, for - got - ten though it be, . . . Yet Thou dost heed, with-in Thy heav'n so
 deed that few perchance could see, . . . But Thou dost know, up-on Thy throne so
 cares, and ne'er from toil set free, . . . Yet Thou art nigh, O King in all Thy

ho - ly, . . . And sweet the thought, that it is done for Thee!
 roy - al, . . . And sweet the thought, that it is done for Thee!
 beau - ty, . . . And sweet the thought, that it is done for Thee!

CHORUS. *mp*

'Tis done for Thee! 'Tis done for Thee!
 'Tis done for Thee! 'Tis done for Thee!

mf
 "Yea, in - as - much ye do it un - to me."
 ye do do it un - to me"

'Tis Done for Thee.—Concluded.

mp *f*

O prom - ise sweet, O prom - ise sweet, O won - drous word, O won - drous word,

rit. e dim.

'Tis done for oth - ers, 'tis done for Christ the Lord. for Christ the Lord.

No. 75. O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Arr. from MOZART, by Dr. L. MASON.

1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the dreadful guilt,
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
 4. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Sav - iour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav' nly strings, And vie with
 Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious righteousness, In which all
 Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise I would to
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -

Ga - briel while he sings in tones al - most di - vine, In tones al - most di - vine.
 per - fect heav' n - ly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 ev - er - last - ing days, Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

No. 76.

Marching with the Heroes.

(VIA MILITARIS. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.)

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

UNISON.

1. Marching with the he - roes, Comrades of the strong, Lift we hearts and
 2. Glo - ry to the he - roes, Who in days of old Trod the path of
 3. So we sing the sto - ry Of the brave and true, Till a - mong the

voic - es As we march a - long; O the joy - ful mu - sic
 du - ty, Faith - ful, wise and bold, For the right un - flinch - ing,
 he - roes We are he - roes, too; Loy - al to our Cap - tain

All in cho - rus raisel Theirs the song of triumph, Ours the song of praise.
 Strong the weak to save, Warriors all and freemen, Fighting for the slave.
 Like the men of yore, Marching with the he - roes On - ward ev - er - more.

REFRAIN. PARTS.

March - ing with the he - roes, Com - rades of the strong,
 March - ing, march - ing,

Lift we hearts and voic - es As we march a - long.

(To be read before singing.)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them ;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain :

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail : because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets :

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : Fear God, and keep his commandments : for this is the whole duty of man.—*Eccles. xii. : 1-7, 13.*

There is One whom I Love.

A. A. PAYN.

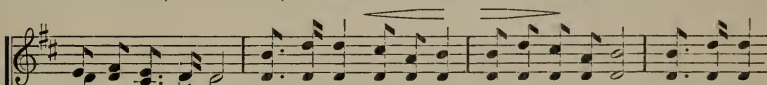
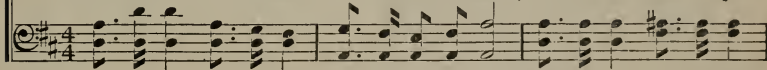
p Andante molto.

ANTONÍN DVORÁK.

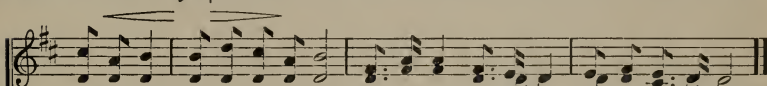
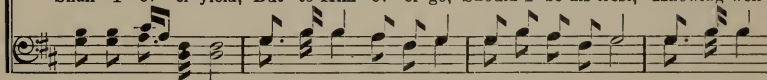
(From New World Symphony.)



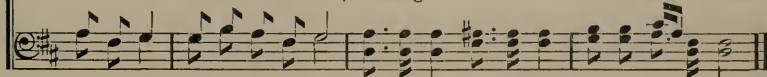
1. There is One whom I love, Who has placed me here, That for Him I might sing
2. Since His will is revealed In His writ-ten word, He commands that I walk
3. Then will I do His will As to me re-vealed, Nor to doubt nor de-spair



Words of love and cheer. May I then faithful be To the work thus giv'n, And of Him
With my lov-ing Lord. O may I faithful be To His word al-way, Walk with Him,
Shall I ev-er yield, But to Him ev-er go, Should I be dis-trest, Knowing well



be approved, And that shall be heav'n; And of Him be approved, And that shall be heav'n.
trusting Him Thro' the night and day; Walk with Him, trusting Him Thro' the night and day.
I shall find Comfort there and rest; Knowing well I shall find Comfort there and rest.



1. Hold fast the faith all - glo - rious, Hold fast the truth vic - to - rious, The
 2. Hold fast the Book that's giv - en, The Word of God in heav - en, The
 3. Hold fast the hope of glo - ry, Hold fast the pre - cious sto - ry, The

faith by which our fathers lived, The light that ne'er grew dim! Hold fast the prom - ise
 lamp that shines up - on the way That pil - grim feet have trod. Hold fast, thro' storms as -
 joy that doth be - fore us wait A bea - con e'er shall shine! Hold fast the peace that

spo - ken, The word that ne'er was bro - ken, Let trust se - cure for aye en - dure,
 sail - ing, His word is all - pre - vail - ing, Let trust se - cure for aye en - dure,
 ev - er Un - fail - ing, ceas - eth nev - er, Whose bless - ed sway en - dures for aye,

CHORUS.

Hold fast the faith in Him! }
 Hold fast the Word of God! } Hold, . . . O hold ye fast . . . Un - to the
 Hold fast to peace di - vine! }

MALE VOICES.

faith, . . . the faith of old, . . . The path it bright - ens, the way it light - ens, The faith that

Hold Fast the Faith.—Concluded.

ALL IN UNISON.

fear-less shall up - hold. . . . Hold, . . . O hold for aye, . . . and ev-'ry

PARTS

care . . . up-on Him cast, . . . Un- to the fearless faith of old, O hold ye fast!

No. 79. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is a green hill far a way, Without a cit - y wall; Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we can-not tell, What pains He had to bear; But we be- lieve it
3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at
4 There was no oth - er good enough To pay the price of sin; He on - ly could un-

CHORUS.

cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us He hung and suffered there.
last to heav'n, Saved by His precious blood. } O dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And
lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

we must love Him, too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

No. 80.

The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der - ness to dwell,
 2. To and fro as a ship with - out a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
 3. All the days of their wand' rings they were fed; To the land of the promise they were led;

Trust - ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of per - fect day.
 But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
 By the hand of the Lord, in guid - ance sure, They were brought to Canaan's shore.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they jour - ney on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 81. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

JAMES S. MONTGOMERY.

THOMAS KOSCHAT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pasture, safe
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings unmeasured my
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I

fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when
e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-nointest my head; O what shall I
meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my forefathers trod, Thro' the land of their

wandering, redeems when oppress'd, Re-stores me when wandering, redeems when oppress'd.
fall, with my Com-fort-er near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
sojourn, Thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

1. Had we on - ly sun - shine all the year a - round, With out the bless - ing
 2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
 3. Can we prize the sun - shine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re - fresh - ing rain, (re - fresh - ing rain,) Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
 bur - den of our sin, (who bore our sin.) Would we know the sweetness of His
 days are dark and drear? (are dark and drear?) Can we hope for pleasures yet de -
 1. Would we scat - ter seed

CHORUS.

fal - low ground. And hope to gather flow - ers, fruit and grain? } Sunshine and rain, re -
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? }
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life without the tear? }

fresh - ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and love, Show - ers from a - bovel

Sunshine and rain, to nurture the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

C. W.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. Praise the Lord for cloud - y skies, Sing His love a - gain, What He sends is
 2. Praise the Lord when dark days come, Days all full of pain; He who watch-es
 3. Praise the Lord for all He sends, Trust Him nor com - plain: He who do - eth

CHORUS. SOP. AND ALTO.

for the best, Tho' He sends the rain.
 from a - bove, Sometimes gives us rain. } So we must praise Him for the show'rs,
 all things well Sends the sun and rain.

PARTS.

For the clouds are rich with bless - ing, Bring - ing the grain and gold - en flow'rs,

SOP. AND ALTO.

All the wealth of earth possess - ing, He who doth mark the sparrows fall, Sees thee in thy

TRIO.

PARTS

grief and pain, Sometimes He sends the sunshine bright, And He also sends the rain.

GRACE GORDON.

ALFRED JUDSON.
(Cho. arr. from Wagner.)

1. There's an ar - mor giv - en, By the King's command, While the host of
 2. There's an ar - mor roy - al, 'Tis the Conqu'ror's own, Forth with courage
 3. God Him - self shall arm you, Let each heart be glad, Naught can ev - er

heav - en Round you cir - cling stand. }
 loy - al, God is on His throne } Be strong, be strong, Be
 harm you, In His ar - mor clad. }
 Be ye strong, be ye strong,

rit. val - iant for the Lord your God! }
 Be ye strong. } There is a spir - it sword that
 MALE VOICES. } The Lord of hosts will aye your

CHORUS.*

you shall wield A hel - met of sal - va - tion, And faith shall
 strength re - new, Go forth with ex - ul - ta - tion, Put on the

be your shin - ing shield, Your path a King has trod.
 ar - mor tried and true, The ar - mor of your God.

* Sing Chorus twice. First time Male Voices, second time all voices in Unison.

No. 85.

Has He Chosen You?

DOROTHY WARD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. He has chos - en help - ers tried and true, Who His word have heed - ed;
 2. He has chos - en com - rades of the cross, Who must fail Him nev - er;
 3. Since He chose as friends to be His own From the meek and low - ly,

All who glad - ly seek His will to do In His cause are need - ed.
 They who count the gain of earth as loss Reign with Him for - ev - er.
 We may live for Him and Him a - lone, Who is Lord most ho - ly.

CHORUS. SOP. AND ALTO.

Has He chos - en you? Has He chos - en you? As a com - rade in His

MALE VOICES. UNISON.

ALL. UNISON.

serv - ice, And His will to do? Glad - ly leav - ing all, heed His lov - ing

PARTS.

call, Be a steadfast friend, and faithful, If the Lord has chos - en you.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. In the ranks so true there's a place for you, The Cap-tain is call - ing;
 2. To a con - flict long 'gainst a foe so strong, The Cap-tain is call - ing;
 3. To a rich re - ward by His wondrous word, The Cap-tain is call - ing;
 He calls, He calls;

Then en - list to - day serve Him while you may, The Cap-tain calls for you.
 As a com - rade brave come the lost to save, The Cap-tain calls for you.
 Win a crown of life when shall end earth's strife, The Cap-tain calls for you.
 for you.

CHORUS.
 SOPRS. AND ALTOS.

For com - rades loy - al - heart - ed ev - er, The Cap - tain is call - ing;
 MALE VOICES.

O come with glad and true en - deav - or, The Cap - tain calls for you.

Then en - list beneath His stand - ard roy - al, Then be read - y both to dare and

The Captain is Calling.—Concluded.

ALL Parts.

do, The Cap-tain is call-ing, He calls for you.
He calls, the Cap-tain calls for you.

No. 87.

Thine For Service.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I have made my choice to follow Christ each day, I am Thine for serv-ice Lord;
2. Let me i-dle not the precious hours a-way, I am Thine for serv-ice Lord;
3. I will never ask Thee "How," or "Where," or "Why?" For I've cast my lot with Thee
4. I am Thine for serv-ice 'til the last glad hour Shall have passed on earth from me;

Tho' I sometimes fal-ter on the thorn-y way, I am Thine for serv-ice Lord.
As Thy voice shall bid me, I will go or stay, I am Thine for serv-ice Lord.
'Til the glo-ry-gates shall o-pen by and by, With a "Welcome Home" for me.
And I wake to serv-ice of a great-er pow'r, Thro' a glad e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.

Thine for serv-ice when the days are drear, Thine for serv-ice when the skies are clear;

Yes, Thine for serv-ice thro' the com-ing years, I am Thine for serv-ice, Lord.

1. O win the world for Je - sus, for the call is sound - ing, Let the roy - al
 2. O win the world for Je - sus, on His strength re - ly - ing, O - pen ye the
 3. O win the world for Je - sus, and to oth - ers bear ye Ti - dings of a

stand - ard be un - furled, His command is giv - en, list the Lord of heav - en,
 bless - ed gos - pel gates, Send the light of glo - ry, tell the wondrous sto - ry,
 tri - umph o - ver sin, Lo, He goes be - fore you, lo, His love is o'er you,

CHORUS.

'Neath the cross of Je - sus win the wait - ing world. }
 'Neath the cross of Je - sus win a world that waits. } Then on - ward!
 'Neath the cross of Je - sus all the wide world win. } Go for - ward!

on - ward! I am with you al - ways, hear His prom - ise ring, Then
 for - ward! Joy di - vine each trust - ing heart for aye e - lates, Go

on - ward! on - ward! fol - low ye the stand - ard of a
 for - ward! (Omit

Win the Waiting World.—Concluded.

con-qu'ring King, for - ward! win for Him a world that waits.

No. 89. Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G.

(BARNARD.)

Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD.

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
 2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
 3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;

REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

Throw your soul's fresh, glow - ing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
 Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
 He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;

Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Daunt - less was He, young and brave;
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
 Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . .
 Grateful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have. . . .
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . .

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a thought that comes all hap-pi-ness to bring, For it tells of love so free,
 2. O He bids me strive to do His bless-ed will, For His help-er I may be,
 3. Not in strength of mind, but guid-ed from a-bove, For a pres-ent help is He,

Tho' He reigns on high as heav-en's ho-ly King, Yet the Lord hath need of mel
 And His sun-shine bright my days shall ev-er fill For the Lord hath need of mel
 I would work for Him with low-ly, loy-al love, For the Lord hath need of mel

CHORUS. UNISON.

{ O the joy to do His will, O the joy to have Him near, }
 { Ev-'ry storm His might can still, For the Lord of all is He, }

PARTS. 1

Loy-al serv-ice ev-er bringing Him, Songs of prais-es ev-er singing Him,

2

I would serve Him, serve Him loy-al-ly, For the Lord has need of mel

No. 91. The Service of the Lord Means Victory.

A. A. PAYN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Put on the arm - or of the Gos - pel, Nor fear the might - y foe; With the
2. With faith we storm the heights be - fore us, And ev - er up - ward climb; For to
3. Then let us nev - er be dis - cour-aged, But al - ways of good cheer; Tho' the

CHORUS. ALL IN UNISON.

Cross of Christ before us, In con - fidence we go. } The { serv - ice of the Lord means
fol - low where He leads us Means vict'ry all the time. } will - ing - ly we hear His
vict'ry seems far distant, We know it must be near. }

1 2

"Vic - to - ry," Glad vic - to - ry, sure vic - to - ry! Then }
"Follow me," (Omit.....) } Who leads to heights sublime.

SOP. AND ALTO.

We'll fol - low in His foot - steps ev - 'ry day, His promise shall sustain us all the way;
MALE VOICES.

PARTS.

The serv - ice of the Lord means "Vic - to - ry," Yes, vic - to - ry all the time.

No. 92. Will You Say, "Here Am I, Send Me?"

A. A. PAYN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are souls that wait for the Gos-pel light, Je - sus calls for thee;
 2. If to bear His cross in - to lands un-known Far be-yond the sea,
 3. If I bear a cross I shall win a crown, Read - y I shall be, ^{1. for thee;}

Will your an - swer be, if by day or night, "Here am I, send me?"
 Will your heart re-spond, tho' you go a - lone, "Here am I, send me?"
 Try to bear it well 'til I lay it down, Should He call on me, ^{send me?"}

CHORUS.

Will you say when the Mas - ter calls, "Send me, I'll go, send me, I'll go,
 "Send me, I'll go, send me, I'll go,

1
 I am read - y now for Thy serv - ice, Lord, All I am I give to Thee?"
 to thee?"

2 *rit.*
 I am read - y now for Thy serv - ice, Lord, Here am I, send me?"
 send me?"

No. 93.

In His Name.

EDNA RANDOLPH WORRELL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. How can we serve the Mas - ter, Far from His dwell - ing place?
 2. What can we do for Je - sus, Who for our lives gave all,
 3. How can we prove we love Him? Words with-out deeds are vain;

Heav - en is high a - bove us, Nor can we see His face.
 Is there no gift to of - fer, Poor tho' it be and small?
 Serv - ice will tell the sto - ry Prais - es can ne'er con - tain.

rit.

CHORUS. UNISON.

{ In His name lov - ing serv - ice be giv - en
 { Do His will as 'tis done in His (Omit.....)

In His name, un - to those whom we pass on our way;

2 PARTS.

heav - en, We would be serving our Master and King from day to day.
 day to day.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith - ful and roy - al, King of our lives, by thy
 2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full - est al - le - giance Yielding henceforth to our
 3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take thy great pow - er and

grace we will be Un - der the standard ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in thy
 glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o - bedience, Free - ly and
 reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - torious, Free - ly sur -

CHORUS.

strength we will bat - tle for thee. } Peal out the watchword! Si - lence it
 joy - ous - ly now would we bring. }
 ren - dered and whol - ly thine own. } Peal out the watchword! Si - lence it

nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
 nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the

watchword! Loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.
 watchword! Loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.

1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Con-se-crate to me your all;"
 2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will-ing to o-bey?
 3. Can you now with faith your all to Him con-fide, Trusting in His grace a-lone?
 4. Tho' you have dark hours in Geth-sem-a-ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;

If He asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to His call?
 Would you an-swer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?
 Can you an-swer "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev-'ry com-fort you have known?
 When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

CHORUS.

{ An-swer "Yes" when He calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
 An-swer "Yes" when He calls, And no mat-ter what He says to you,
 Answer "Yes" when He calls,

1

An-swer "Yes" when He calls, And your serv-ice He will bless.
 Answer "Yes" when He calls, will bless.

2

Do not fal-ter, hes-i-tate, nor ask Him "Why?" But an-swer "Yes."

Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. I am a stran - ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is
 2. This is the King's oom - mand: that all men, ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and
 3. My home is bright - er far than Shar - on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal

far a - way, up - on a gold - en strand; Amba - sa - dor to be of realms be -
 turn a - way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall
 life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov' reign bids me tell how mor - tals

CHORUS.

yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
 reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. } This is the mes - sage
 there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

that I bring, A mes - sage an - gels fain would sing: "O be ye

re - conciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "O be ye rec - on - ciled to God."

Quietly.

1. Come with Him to Gal - i - lee, Lov ing serv - ice waits for thee,
 2. Come with Him, our Friend so true, Find what He would have thee do,
 3. Come with Him, His path - way tread, By a lev - ing Mas - ter led,

Let His work thy days em - ploy, Just to fol - low Je - sus— this is joy!
 Peace He gives, naught can de - stroy, Just to fol - low Je - sus— this is joy!
 Hope is thine, with no al - loy, Just to fol - low Je - sus— this is joy!

CHORUS. *A little slower.*

Then fol - low, fol - low in the Mas - ter's way, With loving hearts and
 fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,
 Then fol - low, fol - low in the Mas - ter's way, With lov - ing

true, His bid - ding glad - ly do, Then fol - low, fol - low,
 fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low
 hearts and true, His bid - ding glad - ly do.

serv - ing ev - 'ry day, This lov - ing Friend who calls for me and you.
 serv - ing ev - 'ry day, and you.

No. 98. One More Day's Work for Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER.

REV. ROBT. LOWRY.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; O yes, a wea - ry
 4. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest, at Je - sus'

mel But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than
 been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When
 day; But heav'n shines clear - er, And rest comes near - er, At
 feet! There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And

yes - ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
 Christ's flock en - ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
 each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Be - fore His face I fall.
 pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for mel

Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
 2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
 3. Come, join our loy - al throng, We'll rout the gi - ant wrong, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty,

loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
 loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
 loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
 loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro - claim Thro' out the wor - ld's do - main,

CHORUS.

Of loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ. "On to vic - to - ry! On to

vic - to - ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" We'll move at His command,
 great Com - mand - er; "On!"

We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loy - al - ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy - al - ty to Christ.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his

sun go-eth down; When thro' wonder-ful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an-y stars in my crown? }
 praise like the sea bil-low rolls. } Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown,
 be an-y stars in my crown. }

When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
 go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . .
 an-y stars in my crown?

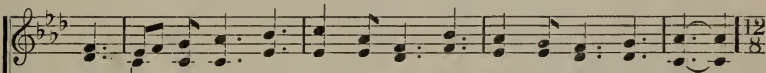
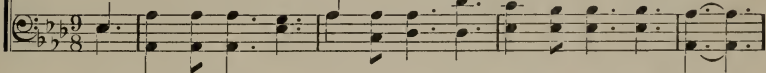
No. 101. O Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

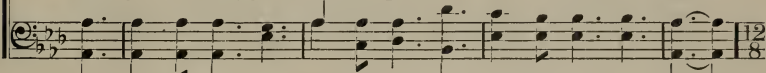
FRED. A. FILLMORE.



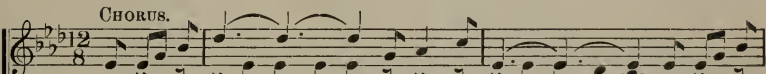
1. O scat - ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;
3. The har - vest-home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care,



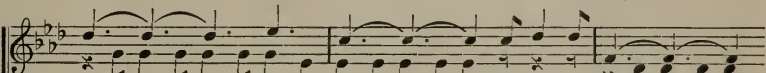
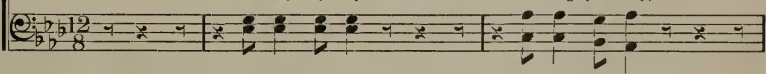
For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit - ful har - vest yield.
 Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit - age give.
 With joy un - told, your sheaves of gold Will all be gar - nered there.



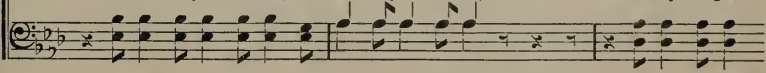
CHORUS.



Then day by day a - long your way, The seeds of
 Then day by day a - long your way,



prom - - - - - ise cast. That ripened grain
 The seeds of prom - ise cast, the seeds of prom - ise cast, That ripened grain



from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last.
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.



Be gathered home at last.

No. 102.

Win Them One by One.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

In march time.

1. If to Christ our on - ly King Men re-deemed we strive to bring,
 2. Side by side we stand each day, Saved are we, but lost are they;
 3. On - ly cow - ards dare re - fuse, Dare this gift of God mis - use;
 4. Not for hope of great re - ward Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;

Just one way may this be done— We must win them one by one.
 They will come if we but dare Speak a word backed up by pray'r.
 Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.
 Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

CHORUS.

{ So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In
 { If you'll bring the one next to you, And I bring the one next to me; In

all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er, And see what can be done;

no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

No. 103. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.

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No. 104. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON.

IGNACE J. PLEYEL.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - fering in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

(May be sung before the study of the lesson.)

GRACE GORDON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

mf *f* *mf* *f*

1. Book of the a - ges, Guide our way, Fair o'er thy pa - ges Shines hope's ray;
 2. Book of the a - ges, God has plann'd, When tempest ra - ges Thou dost stand;
 3. Book of the a - ges, Strong in might, To thee the sa - ges Turn for light;

Ev - er thy bea - con bright - ly doth shine, Book of the a - ges di - vine!
 Rock and foun - da - tion, deep treasure mine, Book of the a - ges di - vine!
 All peace and com - fort, all hope is thine, Book of the a - ges di - vine!

CHORUS. UNISON. PARTS. UNISON.

Guid - ing, guid - ing, won - der - ful bea - con for - ev - er, Guid - ing, guid - ing,

PARTS. UNISON. PARTS.

com - pass that faileth us nev - er; Guid - ing, guid - ing, light that is lead - ing us

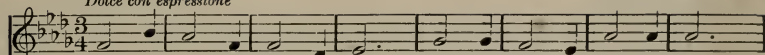
UNISON. PARTS.

ev - er; Won - der - ful word, gift of our Lord, Book of the a - ges blest. a - ges blest.

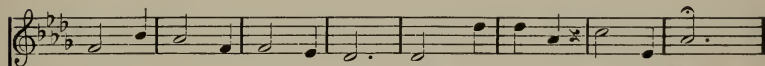
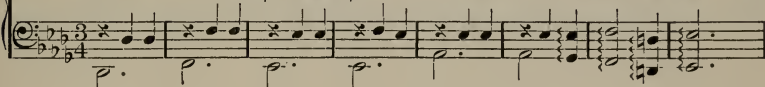
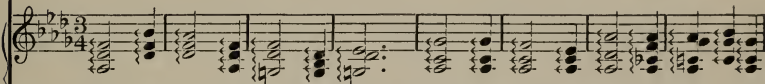
JOHN BURTON.

ROY E. NOLTE.

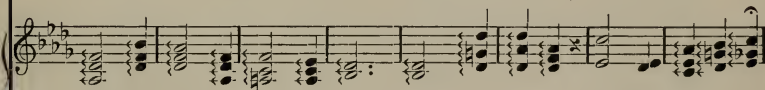
Dolce con espressione



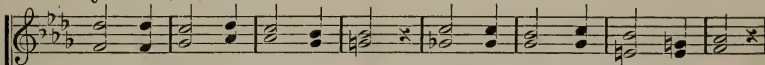
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Saviour's love;
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sinner's doom;



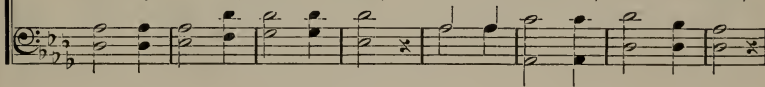
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
 Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can triumph o - ver death;
 O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treasure, thou art mine.



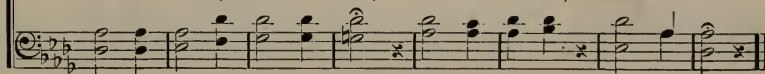
QUARTET OR CHORUS.



Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;

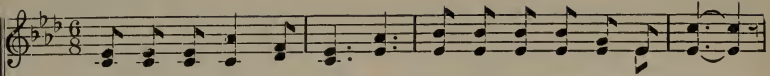


O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treasure, thou art mine.

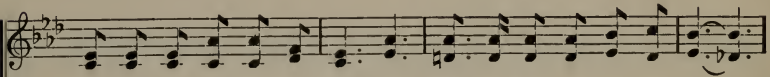
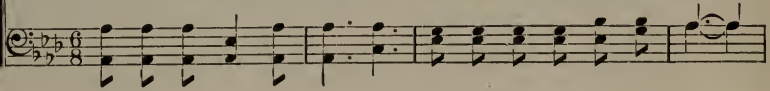


FRED P. MORRIS.
Arr. by R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



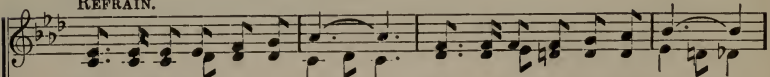
1. Car - ry your Bi - ble with you; Let all its bless - ing out - flow;
2. Car - ry the Word of par - don; Sweet - er each day it will grow;
3. Car - ry the won - drous sto - ry; Tell it to hearts plunged in woe;
4. Car - ry the Word of prom - ise; Sin - ners un - pardoned may know



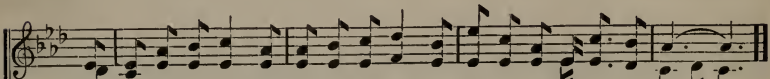
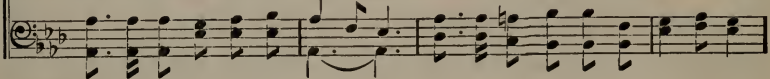
It will sup - ply you each mo - ment; Take it wher - ev - er you go.
Somewhere some heart will be wait - ing; Take it wher - ev - er you go.
This Word of gra - cious re - demp - tion, Take it wher - ev - er you go.
God's path from sin un - to safe - ty; Take it wher - ev - er you go.



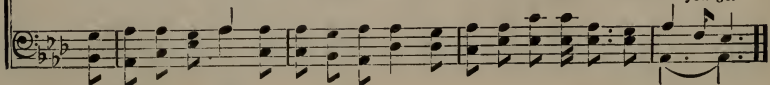
REFRAIN.



Take it wher - ev - er you go, Take it wher - ev - er you go, . . .
you go, you go,



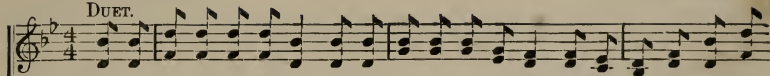
God's message of love, Sent down from above, O take it wher - ev - er you go. . . .
you go.



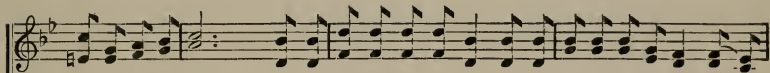
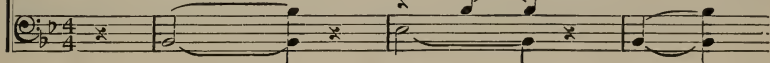
M. B. WILLIAMS.

C. D. TILLMAN.

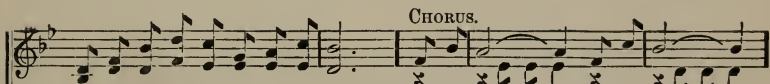
DUET.



1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which recalls the happy
2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As he blest the children dear, How he suffered, bled and
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the dear old Book each



days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand upon my brow, And I
 died up-on the tree; Of his heavy load of care, Then she dried my flowing tear With her
 day has been my guide; And I seek to do his will, As my mother taught me then, And

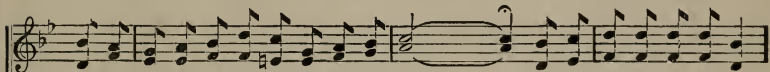
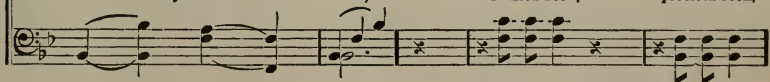


CHORUS.

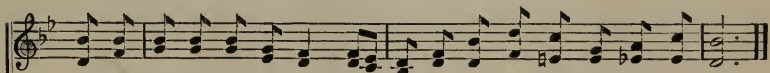
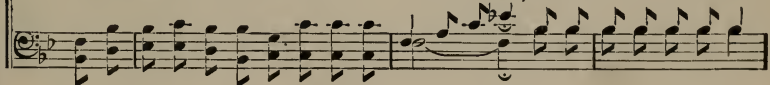
heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
 kiss-es as she said it was for me.
 ev-er in my heart his words abide.

Blessed book, . . . precious book, . . .

Blessed book, precious book,



On thy dear old tear-stain'd leaves I love to look; Thou art sweeter day by day,
 love to look;



As I walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.



No. 109.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow; Fill me with Thy hallow'd

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallow'd

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

presence, Come, O come and fill me now. Fill me now, fill me now, Jesus, come and fill me now;

presence, Come, O come and fill me now.

Copyright, 1879, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, O come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;

- Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

No. 110. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep in dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 111.

He Must Reign.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. A - wake, and in His strength renewed, The bat - tle cry take up a - gain;
 2. Too long His foll'wers i - dly stood, By self - ish creed and doc - trine rent;
 3. U - nite and in His strength go on, Nor count a life as lost, but gain;
 4. To dare and do for Him is meet, The strug - gle shall not be in vain;

All en - e - mies shall be sub - dued, And Christ the Lord shall reign.
 Nor knew that for one Broth - er - hood His own short life was spent.
 And soon the vic - t'ry shall be won, For Je - sus Christ must reign.
 The trum - pets shall not call "Re - treat," For Je - sus Christ must reign.

CHORUS.

For Christ must reign! For Christ must reign! Our hope in Him is

not in vain, For Christ must reign! For Christ must reign! For Christ must

reign! Our hope in Him is not in vain, For Christ must reign!

No. 112.

Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came,
 2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood;
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He,
 4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

f Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 "Full a-tone-ment," can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
 Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah, what a Sav-iour!
ff *rit*

No. 113.

He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

L. B. BRIDGERS.

1. There's within my heart a mel-o-dy Je-sus whispers sweet and low,
 2. All my life was wreck'd by sin and strife, Dis-cord fill'd my heart with pain,
 3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Rest-ing 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
 4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' wa-ters deep, Tri-als fall a-cross the way,
 5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star-ry sky;

S: "Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je-sus swept a-cross the brok-en strings, Stirr'd the slumb'ring chords a-gain.
 Al-ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
 I shall wing my flights to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.

FINE.

D.S.—Keeps me singing as I go.

He Keeps Me Singing.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, — Sweetest name I know, Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing,

No. 114.

Ivory Palaces.

(Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the Ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remain to tell of His near presence.)

H. B.

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

1. My Lord has garments so won - drous fine, And myrrh their tex - ture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor - rows sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His gar - ments too were in cas - sia dipp'd, With heal - ing in a touch;
4. In gar - ments glo - ri - ous He will come, To o - pen wide the door;

Its fragrance reach'd to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.
 And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
 Each time my feet in some sin have slipp'd, He took me from its clutch.
 And I shall en - ter my heav'n - ly home, To dwell for ev - er - more.

CHORUS. DUET. *Slowly, softly, and with much expression.*

Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,

FULL CHORUS.

DUET. *Very softly.*

On - ly His great e - ter - nal love Made my Sav - iour go.

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless - ed
 3. Soul in dan - ger, look a - bove, Je - sus complete - ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas - ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might - y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas - ter of the sea,

Heard my de - spair - ing cry, From the wa - ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs; Faith - ful, lov - ing serv - ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav - iour wants to be - Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me! Love lift - ed me! When noth - ing
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me,

No. 116.

Have Thine Own Way.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O bless - ed Lord, to Thee I'm com - ing, My lit - tle all to
 2. I need Thy help, O bless - ed Sav - iour, I'm tired of sin and
 3. Let self die out, O Gal - i - le - an, My con - quer'd heart for -

give to Thee; My stub - born will I yield for - ev - er, Have Thine own
 doubt and fear; My will to Thee I now sur - ren - der, O bless - ed
 ev - er Thine; At one with Thee, O blest Re - deem - er, Thou art my

rit. *CHORUS. a tempo. cres.* *f* *p*

way, 'tis best for me. } Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own
 Lord, be ev - er near. }
 King, my Lord di - vine. }

f

way, All on the al - tar I glad - ly lay; Thou art the

rit. *ff*

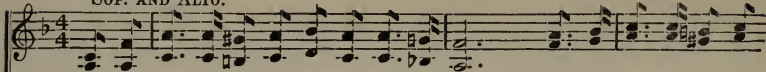
Pot - ter, I am the clay, Have Thine own way, have Thine own way.

No. 117. Yes, I Know that He is Able.

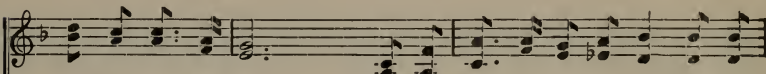
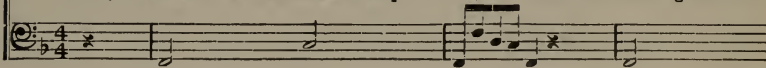
E. E. HEWITT.

J LINCOLN HALL.

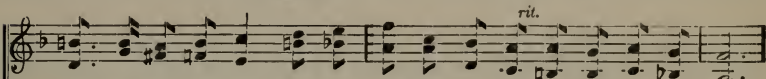
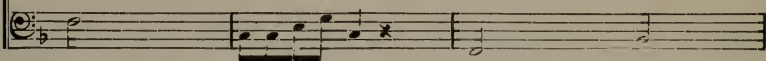
SOP. AND ALTO.



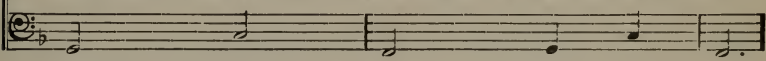
- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Do you know the mighty Saviour thron'd a-bove, | Ne- ver chang-ing in His |
| 2. Do you know He o-ver-com-eth ev-'ry foe, | As when Daniel prov'd His |
| 3. Do you know He ev-er-more will keep His own, | That the trust-ing soul He |



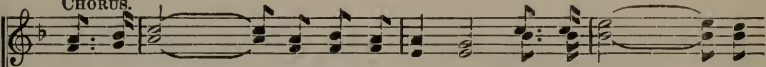
wis-dom, pow'r and love,	Will de-liv-er you to-day, When for
God, so long a-go?	When temp-ta-tions round you throng, Is He
will not leave a-lone?	In your tri-als, day by day, Cares and



"Pres-ent help" your pray; Do you know that He is a-ble now to save?
 still your strength and song? Do you know that He is a-ble now to save?
 dan-gers by the way, Do you know that He is a-ble now to save?



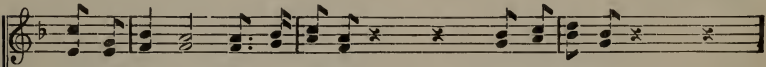
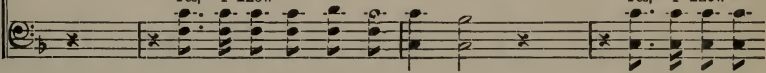
CHORUS.



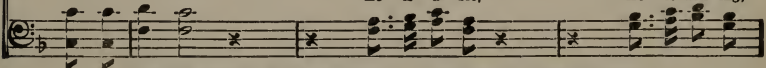
Yes, I know that He is a-ble; Yes, I know that

Yes, I know

Yes, I know



He is will-ing; He is a-ble, He is will-ing;
 He is a-ble, He is will-ing;



Yes, I Know that He is Able.—Concluded.

He is a - ble to de - liv - er ev - en me. *rit.* ev - en me.

No. 113. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied;

But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

D.S.—I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

D.S.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what You want me to be.

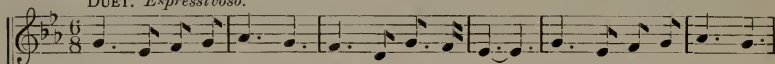
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

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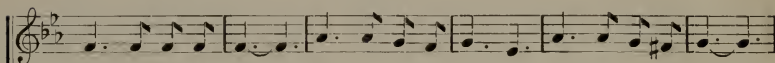
L. S. L

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

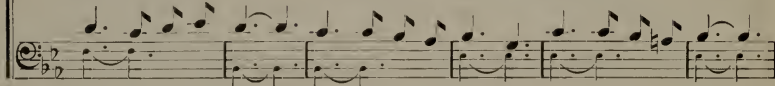
DUET. *Espressivo*.



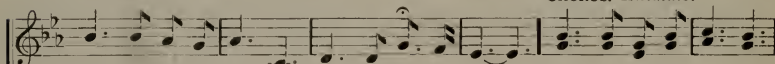
1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sor-rows and tri - als
 2. God's way is the best way, My path He hath plann'd, I'll trust in Him al - way
 3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best. And lean-ing up - on Him,



Oft gath-er 'round me; He ev-er is seek-ing My gold to re-fine,
 While hold-ing His hand. In shad-ow or sun-shine He ev-er is near,
 Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm shall be-fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,



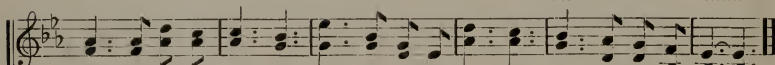
CHORUS. *Animato*.



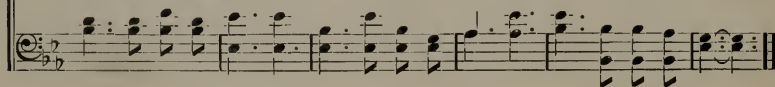
So hum-bly I trust Him, My Sav-iour di-vine. }
 With Him for my ref-uge, I nev-er need fear. } God's way is the best way,
 I'll cling to Him ev-er, So pre-cious is He. }



rit......



God's way is the right way, *P.* trust in Him al - way, He knoweth the best.



Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Where He may lead by night or by day;
2. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Ev-'ry de - sire I merge in His will;
3. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, All of my pride and sin-ful de - sires;
4. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Nev-er will I turn back to the world;

And I'm resolved that I will be faith-ful To my dear Friend the whole of the way.
 Tho' He may walk the val-ley of sor-row, All of the way I'll go with Him still.
 Will-ing to be con-formed to His im-age, Ready to do whate'er He re - quires.
 Then I shall reign with Je-sus in glo-ry, Af-ter the stars from heaven are hurl'd.

CHORUS.

I have left all to fol - low my Sav - iour, To fol - low my
 I have left all to fol - low, to fol - low my Sav-iour, To

Lord . . . each hour of the day, I have left all to fol-low my
 fol-low my Lord, each hour of the day, I have left all to fol-low, to

Sav - iour, Will-ing to go each step of the way
 fol - low my Sav-iour, Will-ing to go on the way.

No. 121.

To the Mountain.

E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.) (Canticles 4: 6.)

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I will get me to the mount-ain, Where the sweet-est spic - es grow;
 2. I will get me to the mount-ain, Where my Sav-iour died for me;
 3. I will get me to the mount-ain, To the mountain-top of prayer;

I will rest be - side the fount - ain, With the heav'n-ly light a - glow.
 In the depth of Cal-v'ry's fount - ain, Find-ing peace and pur - i - ty.
 By the ev - er - flow - ing fount - ain, I will meet my Sav-iour there.

CHORUS.

Till the day-break, till the daybreak, And the shadows flee a - way;
 the shad-ows flee a - way;

I will get me to the mount-ain, I will rest be - side the fount-ain.

Till the day-break, till the day-break, And the shad - ows flee a - way.

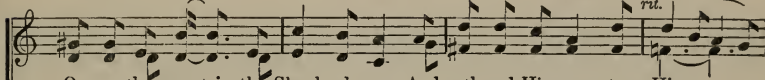
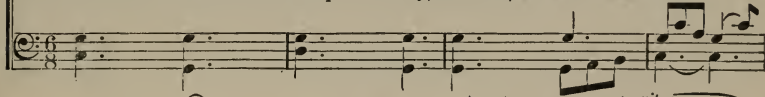
No. 122. When the Little Lost Sheep Comes Home.

CLARA E. PUTNAM.
UNISON OR DUET.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



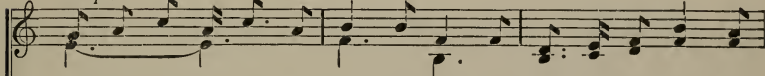
1. In - to the val - ley of grief and shame, In - to the twi - light dim,
2. White is the fleece of the nine - ty and nine, Mur - mur ye not in scorn,
3. You were a lit - tle lost sheep a - stray, Broth - er, and so was I.



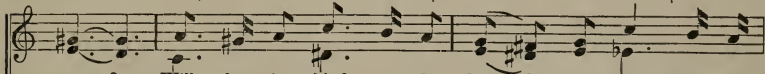
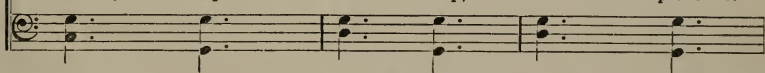
O - ver the mountain the Shepherd came And gathered His own to Him. . . .
"Lit - tle Lost Sheep, this coat of thine Is blackened and soiled and torn."
Wounded and sick on the hills a - way, And read - y al - most to die.



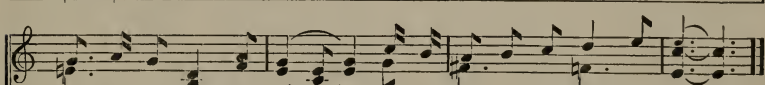
a tempo.



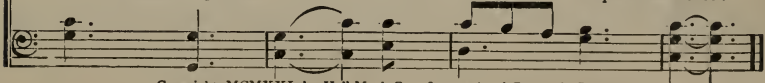
What of the nine - ty and nine as - leep And safe while the wild winds
Ten - der the love in the Shep - herd's voice, The quiv - er - ing soul is
On - ly the Shep - herd our souls can keep, Our feet are so prone to



moan? Will they be kind to the lit - tle lost sheep When the
bleat; "Heav - en - ly an - gels, re - joice, re - joice! For my
roam; Will you be kind to the lit - tle lost sheep When the



lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the lit - tle lost sheep comes home?
lit - tle lost sheep can rest, For my lit - tle lost sheep can rest."
lit - tle lost sheep comes home? When the lit - tle lost sheep comes home?



No. 123.

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
 2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
 3. Let the stormy breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe - ly
 4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem - plation, Hear-ing now His

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
 shel-ter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin-ing,
 bless - ed voice, I see the way He plann'd, Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I

vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
 of God's word re - treat - ing, Noth - ing then can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah Land.
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der - neath a cloud - less sky, I'm
 Praise God!

drink - ing at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast - ing on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

man - na from a boun - ti - ful sup - ply For I am dwelling in Beu - lah Land.

No. 124.

In the Garden.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing And the
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But He

voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es.
mel - o - dy, That He gave to me; With - in my heart is ring - ing.
bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

CHORUS.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own,

And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth' er has ev - er known.

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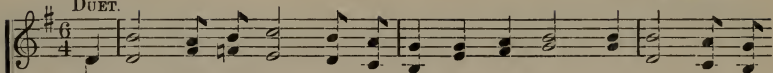
NOTE.—On all "Talking Machine" records. Nearly 600,000 have been sold. Also supplied in Sheet Music,

No. 125. The Heart that was Broken for Me.

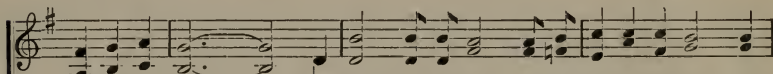
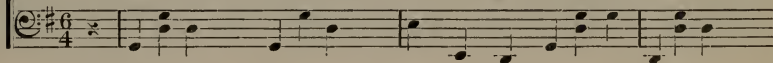
J. W. V.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

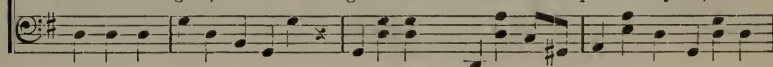
DUET.



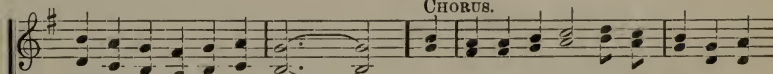
1. There came from the skies in the days long a - go The Lord with a
 2. He came to His own— to the ones that He lov'd; The sheep that had
 3. The birds have their nests, and the fox - es have holes, But He had no
 4. I can - not re - ject such a Sav - iour as He; Dis - hon - or and



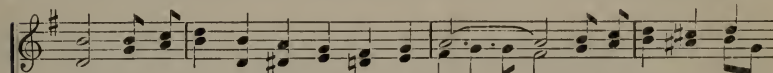
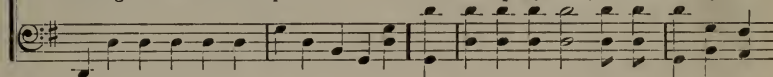
mes - sage of love; The world knew Him not, He was treated with scorn—This
 wander a - stray; They heard not His voice, but the friend of mankind Was
 place for His head; A pal - let of stone on the cold mountain side Was
 wound Him a - gain; I'll go to His feet and re - pent of my sin, Be



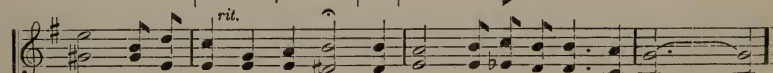
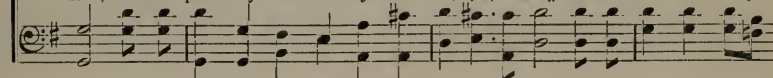
CHORUS.



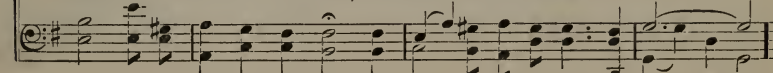
won - der - ful gift from a - bove. . . . } They crown'd Him with thorns, He was beaten with
 hat - ed and driv - en a - way. . . . }
 all that He had for His bed. . . . }
 will - ing to suf - fer the pain. . . . } 4. I'll take up my cross, I will walk by His



stripes; He was smit ten and nail'd to the tree, (to the tree,) But the pain in His
 side, For the path - way of du - ty I see, (yes, I see,) I will fol - low my



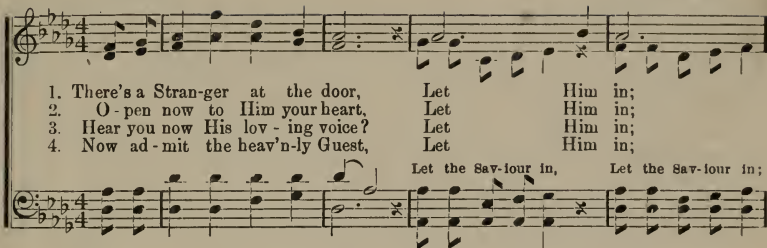
heart was the hard - est to bear, The heart that was broken for me.
 Lord and a - bide in His heart, The heart that was broken for me.



for me.

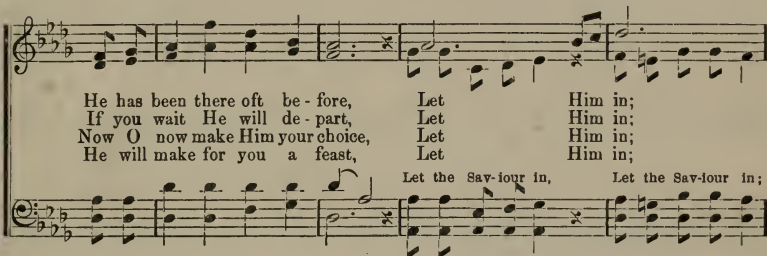
J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.



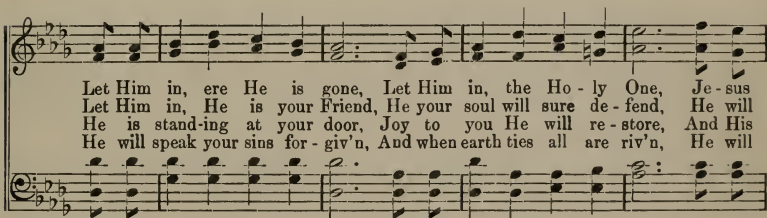
1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly Guest, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - our in, Let the Sav - our in;

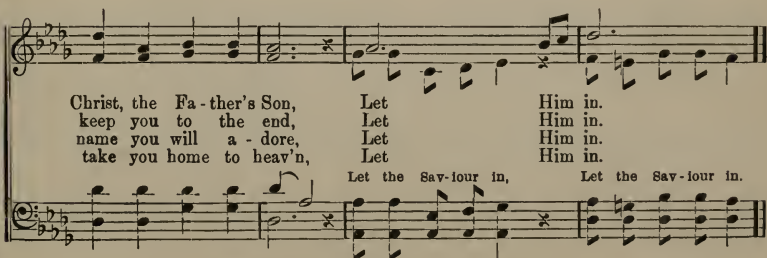


He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now O now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav - our in, Let the Sav - our in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
 He is stand - ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
 He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will



Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let Him in.
 keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav - our in, Let the Sav - our in.

No. 127.

Choose Ye this Day.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.
Unison.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Hear ye
 2. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Ma ny
 3. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." Make the

not the Lord's com - mand? Ev - er a - long the way
 snares lie all a - round; Pleas - ures of earth will oft
 Lord in - deed your King; Faint not nor fal - ter, press

of life, You will need a guid - ing hand.
 be - guile, Climb a - bove to high - er ground.
 a - head, To the cross of Cal - v'ry cling.

CHORUS. PARTS.

Choose ye this day, Choose ye this day, Choose ye this
 Choose ye, choose ye this day,

Choose ye this day,

day whom ye will serve; As for me and my house we will serve the

Choose Ye this Day.—Concluded.

Lord, Choose ye, O choose ye whom you will serve. . . .
choose ye whom will serve.

No. 128. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. *Slowly.* QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der-er come, Somebod-y's praying for you;
2. God's voice is call-ing, O do not de-lay, Somebod-y's praying for you;
3. Quench not the spir-it but yield from your heart, Somebod-y's praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Turn from the sin-paths no lon-ger to roam, Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .
Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may, Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .
God waits his par-don, his peace to im-part, Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .
is praying for you;

DUET. QUARTET.

Somebod-y loves you wher-ev-er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day aft-er day;
Somebod-y's wresting in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made perfect-ly whole;
Kneel in your weakness confess-ing your sin, Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

DUET. QUARTET.

Pray'rful-ly follows you all the dark way, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.
Down where the billows of Cal-va-ry roll, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.
O - pen your heart, let love's cleansing tide in, Somebod-y's praying for you, for you.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying.") *Very softly.*

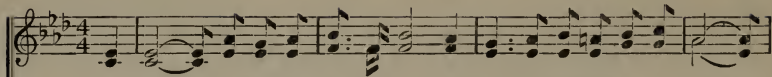
For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

No. 129.

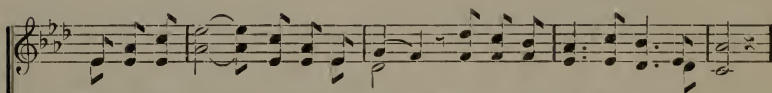
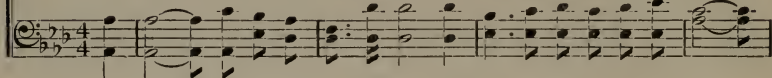
Behold Me At the Door.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

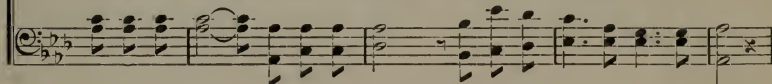
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



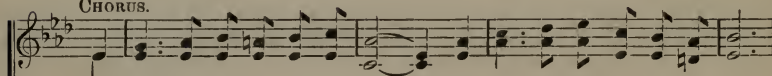
1. Be - hold me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ev - er - more,
2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and pa - tient - ly;
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - mem - ber all my grief and pain!
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above; I bring thee pardon, peace and love;



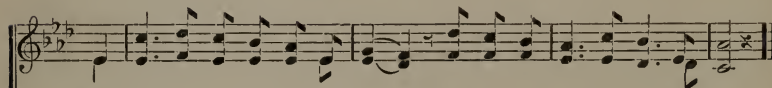
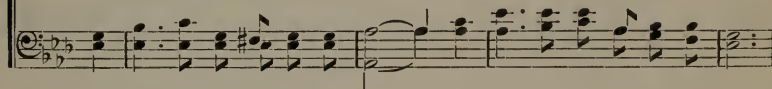
With gen - tle voice, O heart of sin, May I come in? May I come in?
 Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? May I come in?
 I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come in? May I come in?
 Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? May I come in?



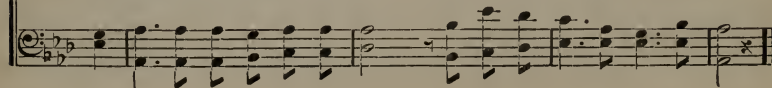
CHORUS.



Be - hold me stand - ing at the door, And hear me plead - ing ev - er - more;



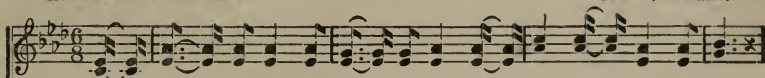
Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? May I come in?



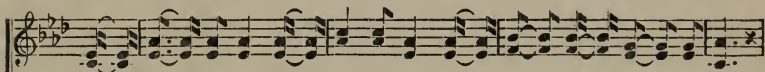
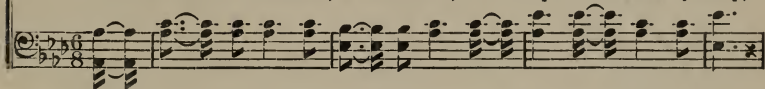
(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

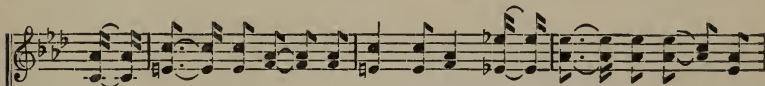
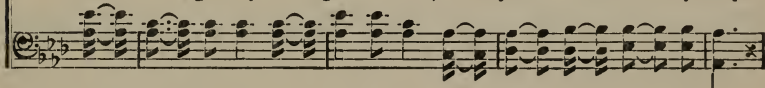
IRA D. SANKEY.



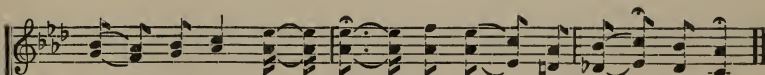
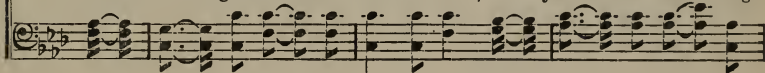
1. There were nine-ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransom'd ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters cross'd;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thun-der riv'n, And up from the rock - y steep,



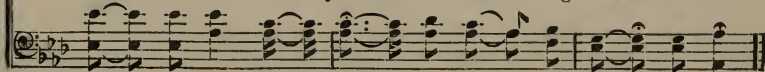
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold—
 But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of mine Has wan - der'd a - way from me,
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
 "They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back;"
 There a - rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!"



A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
 And, al - though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to
 Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick and helpless and
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierc'd to - night by
 And the an - gels ech - oed a - round the throne, "Re - joice! For the Lord brings



Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
 read - y to die, Sick and help - less and read - y to die.
 ma - ny a thorn, They are pierc'd to - night by ma - ny a thorn."
 back His own! Re - joice! For the Lord brings back His own!"



No. 131. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der -
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - mem - ber
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
 ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
 I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
 emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry,
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing
 al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of trou - ble,
 glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry:

CHORUS.

And help - less and Je - filed.
 Has pass'd a - way at noon. } Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the
 A com - fort - er to me.
 "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 132. Where the Years Shall be Counted No More.

W. C. POOLE

B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. There are man-sions a - wait-ing for you and for me, When all of life's
 2. There the glo - ry of Je - sus drives dark-ness a - way, And gives us the
 3. There are bless-ings un-meas-ured be - yond the bright blue That fill all the

jour - ny is o'er, Where the shad - ows of part - ing will nev - er more be,
 spring-time of youth. Where the Sav - iour for - ev - er makes end - less our day,
 heav - en - ly shore. There is glo - ry e - ter - nal where live all the true,

CHORUS. PARTS.

And time shall be count-ed no more. . . . } Where the years shall be counted no
 In heav-en - ly glad-ness and truth. . . . }
 Where years shall be count-ed no more. . . . }

SOLO. *ad lib.*

more, . . . Where the years shall be counted no more, . . . We shall nev - er grow
 no more,

PARTS. *rit.*

no more,

old in that cit - y of gold, Where the years shall be counted no more. . . . }
 no more.

No. 133.

Decision.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If path - less for - ests meet my view, I will not doubt nor fear;
 2. No track - less plain my faith can dim, De - spite its vast do - main;
 3. No sea too deep nor wide for me, With faith shall I em - bark;
 4. So an - y - where and ev - 'ry - where In pleas - ure, woe, or pain,

What has been done that I can do, My way shall be made clear.
 But with my faith made strong in Him, I'll sing my glad re - frain.
 For He who walked on Gal - i - lee Will safe - ly guide my bark.
 My cross a - lone I do not bear, Nor do I trust in vain.

CHORUS.

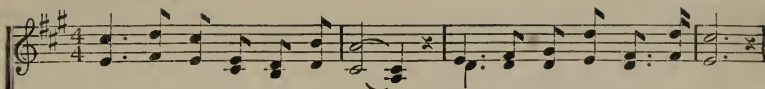
I've de - cid - ed, Lord, that I will fol - low Thee, An - y - where, an - y -
 An - y - where,

where, an - y - where, O - ver the land or o - ver the sea, It mat - ters not where

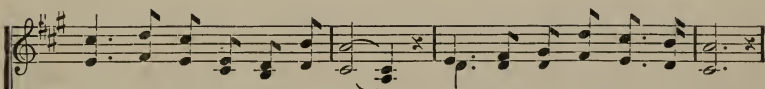
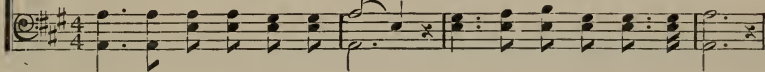
it may be, For I've de - cid - ed, Lord, to fol - low Thee, An - y - where.
 an - y - where.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

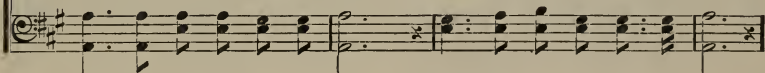
H. P. DANKS.



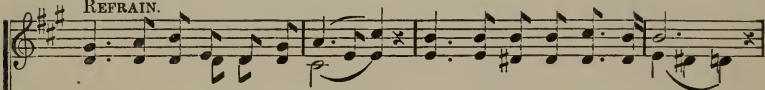
1. Room for Je - sus; can it be, Beth - le - hem could find no place
 2. Does He yet in - quire in vain For a place His head to lay?
 3. En - ter in, O Heav'n-ly Guest, Make my heart Thy dwell - ing fair;
 4. I, with Christ, am one to - day; Weak - ness I, but strength is He.



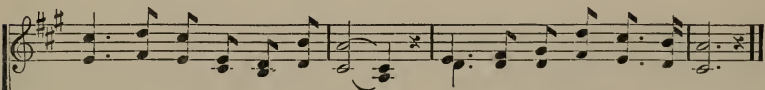
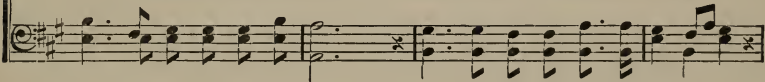
For the Christ of Gal - i - lee, — Sav - iour of a fall - en race?
 Can I still His plea dis - dain, Let Him turn from me a - way?
 Then am I for - ev - er blest With my Sav - iour's pres - ence there.
 Will He ev - er with me stay? Yea, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



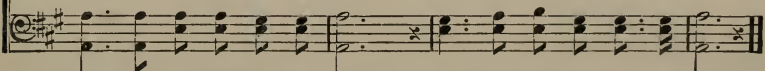
REFRAIN.



O, my Mas - ter, Thou wilt find . . . Room with - in my heart for Thee, . . .



And I know Thou, ev - er kind, Wilt make room in Thine for me.



No. 135. The Way, the Truth, the Life.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. "I am the Way," the Sav - iour said, And I would fol - low on,
2. "I am the Truth;" then Truth shall be A bea - con light to guide
3. "I am the Life," there is no death For me to fear, nor dread,

Con - tent to know that aft - er night Shall break a glo - rious dawn.
My bark a - cross the storm - y sea To where still wa - ters glide.
Since by His all - a - ton - ing blood My life to His is wed.

CHORUS.

"I am the Way, the Truth, . . . and the Life,
"I am the Way, I am the Way, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,

1
No man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther but by Me." (by Me.)

2
No man com - eth un - to the Fa - ther but by Me."

"Bring ye all the tithes . . . prove me now . . . if I will not open the windows of heaven."—MAL. 3: 10.

CHAS. H. REYNOLDS

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Heav'n's win-dows are not o - pen wide, There's dearth in all the land to - day.
 2. God's choic-est bless-ings are with-held, He tells us in His ho - ly word;
 3. The vine yields not her rich - est fruit, And tares grow up in place of wheat.

The times have chang'd, but God has not, His chal-lenge is the same al - way;
 Be - cause our sins be-tween us come And sep - a - rate us from our Lord.
 God is not pleas'd to have it so; O let us seek His mer - cy seat.

CHORUS.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house; And prove me now," saith the Lord your God;

"And I will pour you out such a bless-ing, There will not be room e-nough to con-

tain it," Heap'd up, press'd down, Shaken togeth-er, And run - ning o - ver.
 Heap'd up, press'd down,

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A sto - ry sweet and won - drous, Like heav'n - ly mu - sic swells;
 2. When, griev - ing, brok - en - heart - ed, Be - cause of sin and shame,
 3. This love, be - yond all meas - ure Of earth or sea or sky,
 4. Come, broth - er, come to Je - sus; His word was meant for you;

In chim - ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the Gos - pel bells.
 We find a joy earth can - not de - stroy, Be - liev - ing on His name.
 Could on - ly show its full o - ver - flow, When Je - sus came to die.
 His grace re - ceive, His prom - ise be - lieve, And sing His praise a - new.

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly be -
 For God so loved the world,

got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, who - so -

ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not

For God so Loved the World.—Concluded.

per-ish, but have ev-er-last-ing life. ev-er-last-ing life.

No. 138. Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in unison.

1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat-ter'd seem to be;
2. I can-not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart a-bove;
3. Tho' tri-als come thro' pass-ing days, My life will still be fill'd with praise,

God's perfect plan I can-not see, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
 My faith to test, my love to prove, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.
 For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS.

Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un-der-stand.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. My trust I place now and ev - er In One my soul can de - liv - er, A
 2. My heart with joy now is tell - ing Of Him who finds there a dwell - ing, Whose
 3. Je - ho - vah, God! Still at - tend me, From doubt and fear still de - fend me, Faith

CHORUS. [^]
 Ref - uge strong, fail - ing nev - er, For His word is sure. } I am Al - pha and O -
 love is gen - tly com - pell - ing On His word to rest. }
 to sus - tain ev - er send me, That my soul fail not. }

me - ga, The be - gin - ning and the end - ing, Which is and which

was, And which is to come. I am Al - pha and O - me - ga, The Be -

gin - ning and the end - ing, The Al - migh - ty, the Al - migh - ty, saith the Lord.

No. 140. Behold, What Manner of Love.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O the won-drous love the Fa-ther shows Un-to us un-
 2. When He shall ap-pear what we shall be Fills the soul with
 3. Hope-ful-ly we wait for that glad day, When He shall ap-

wor- thy His to be, For we have been made the sons of God Thro'
 joy and bliss di- vine, We shall be like Him whose own we are, And
 pear His own to greet, Read- y may we be, true sons in- deed, With

CHORUS. *Slower.*

Christ of Cal- va- ry. } Be- hold, what man-ner of love, Be-
 in His beau- ty shine. }
 joy our Lord to meet.

hold, what man-ner of love, the Fa-ther has be-stowed up- on us, that

we should be called the chil- dren of God, the chil- dren of God.

No. 141. He was Wounded for Our Transgressions.

W. COWPER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song. I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way;
Till all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
When this poor, lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS. UNISON. (ISAIAH 53 : 5.)

He was wounded for our trans-gres-sions, He was bruised for our in - iq - ui - ties;

PARTS.

The chastise-ment of our peace was up-on Him, And with His stripes we are heal'd,

UNISON.

He was wound-ed for our trans-gres-sions, He was wound-ed for our trans-

He was Wounded for Our, etc.—Concluded.

PARTS. *piu lento.*

gressions, And with His stripes we are heal'd, With His stripes we are heal'd.

No. 142. Let Me Help Someone To-day.

"They helped everyone his neighbor."—ISA. 41 : 6.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

DUET.—Sop. and Alto.

1. Burdens are pressing in somebod-y's life, Thou knowest whom it may be;
2. Comfort is need-ed by ma-ny a heart Saddened by sor-row and loss,
3. Somebody's needing a message of cheer, Writ-ten or spok-en by you,
4. Ma-ny are blind to the need of Thy love, Ma-ny are deaf to Thy call;

Times of tempta-tion and tri-al and strife, All are permit-ted to see,
 Not as the world gives would I have a part, On-ly what comes from Thy cross.
 If from your heart He has cast out all fear, Someone needs that work done, too.
 O-pen their eyes and their ears from above, May they find Thee as their all.

CHORUS. PARTS.

Let me be help-ful in some-bod-y's life, Time is now slip-ping a - way;

Here in this world where temptations are rife, Let me help someone to - day.

1. Sin may leave its mark on me That no eye but God can see,
 2. On the rocks of trouble wrecked, Body bent, but soul erect,
 3. In His robe of righteousness, My "All-perfect heav'nly dress,"

CHORUS.

But from this I shall be free, When I awake.
 Naught shall fail that I expect, When I awake. } "As for me,
 I with joy shall Him confess, When I awake.

as for me, When I behold His face in righteousness,

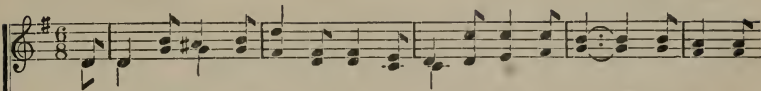
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, When I a-

wake, when I awake in His likeness."

No. 144. Greater is He that is in You.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

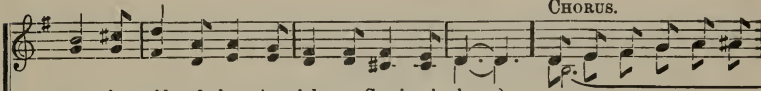
J. LINCOLN HALL.



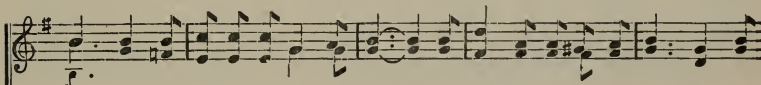
1. Look up when all the way is dark, And see the stars a - bove; Your ev - 'ry
2. Press on, although you can - not see Whereon your foot may fall; For One who
3. Lay hold up - on the prom - is - es, And to the end en - dure; For He who



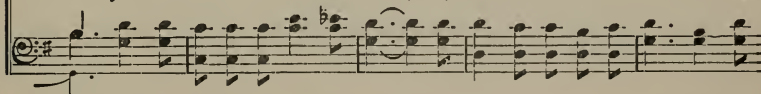
CHORUS.



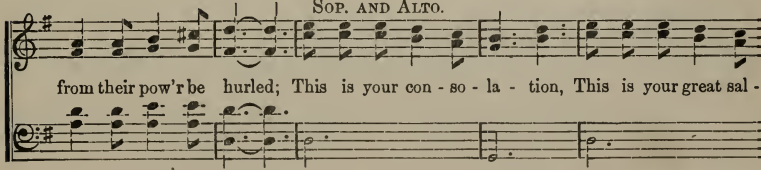
step is guid - ed by A might - y Sav - iour's love. } "Greater is He that is
 passed this way be - fore Most sure - ly knows it all. }
 made them, well can keep Your trusting soul se - cure. }



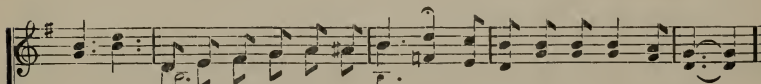
in you than he that is in the world," By whom the fore - es of e - vil shall



SOP. AND ALTO.



from their pow'r be hurled; This is your con - so - la - tion, This is your great sal -



va - tion, Great - er is He that is in you than he that is in the world.



C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO, or All in Unison.

1. I love to think of Je - sus, who else could it be, Who could come down from
 2. I love to think that He has giv - en me a part In par - don that He
 3. I love to think of Je - sus when I am dis - tress, To think up - on His
 4. I love to think of Him when tears of sor - row fall, To know that He has

heav'n to save a soul like me? To think of Him does not re - pay the
 pur - chased with a bro - ken heart; And oft my eyes are fill'd with tears as
 prom - ise brings a bliss - ful rest; In sor - row, pain and an - guish He is
 suf - fered and He knows it all; It gives me strength to bear my bur - dens

debt I owe, I'll do my best my grat - i - tude to show. . . .
 I re - call What He has done for me, and for us all. . . .
 near I know, It is no won - der that I love Him so. . . .
 nor com - plain, I nev - er yet have called to Him in vain. . . .

CHORUS.*

I love..... to think of Je - sus..... I
 I love to think of Je - sus and His love for me; My

love..... to think of Je - sus,
 soul is lost in won - der that such love could be; I've known the love of mother, Of

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices (Alto and Bass). The upper notes, (small) are to be sung by the high voices (Soprano and Tenor), or they may be merely played.

I Love to Think of Jesus.—Concluded.

PARTS. ritard.

sis-ter, friend and brother, Like Je-sus there's no other, He's more than all to me.

No. 146. What are You Doing for Jesus?

In the mean while his disciples prayed him, saying, Master, eat.

But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of.

Therefore said the disciples one to another, Hath any man brought him ought to eat?

Jesus saith unto them, My meet is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you,

Light up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.—*St. John iv: 31-36.*

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do-ing for Je-sus, As you journey thro' life? Sowing the grain for the harvest,
2. What are you do-ing for Je-sus? Are you striving each day, By lit-tle acts of kindness,
3. What are you do-ing for Je-sus As the days go by? Tell-ing the lone and the weary
4. What are you do-ing for Je-sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hasten and tell the glad tidings,

CHORUS.

Or scat-ter-ing seeds of strife? What are you do - ing, Do - ing for
 To bright - en someone's way?
 Of rest be - yond the sky?
 Lest you leave some work un - done. } What are you doing for Jesus your friend? What are you doing for

Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?..... Do -
 Je-sus-to-day? What are you doing for Jesus your friend? days go by? What are you

ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?.....
 do-ing for Je-sus-to-day? What are you do-ing for Jesus your friend? days go by?

1. Wherefore sing ye, prais-es bring ye? We are heirs of Christ our Lord! What your
 2. Will He hold you, e'er en-fold you? As our days our strength shall be. Ev-er
 3. Is He guid-ing, e'er a-bid-ing? Yea, He knows the way we take. In-ter-

tok-en? Hath He spok-en? Yea, we have His roy-al word. Who hath blessings free-ly
 near you, will He hear you? Yea, a pres-ent help is He. Who hath blessings free-ly
 ced-ing, is He lead-ing? Lo, He nev-er will forsake. Who hath blessings free-ly

giv-en? 'Tis the Fa-ther thron'd in heaven! We would praise Him, we would bless Him,

* TWO PART CHORUS.

King, Cre-a-tor of all. He hath wro't them, He hath bro't them, All the blessing

that we share, We would praise Him, homage raise Him, For His constant, changeless care.

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or by the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices. May be used as four-part harmony.

1. We give our lives to Him so joy - al - ly, We trust in Him what -
 2. We bring our needs to Him so trust - ing - ly, We know He marks the
 3. We bring our cares to Him so joy - ous - ly, The bur - dens may be

ev - er may be - fall, Each tal - ent seek to use so faith - ful - ly, Our
 low - ly sparrow's fall, His might - y hand sup - plies un - fail - ing - ly, Our
 great or may be small, And lo, He bears them ev - er pa - tient - ly, Our

TWO-PART CHORUS.*
 O give ye all!

lov - ing Fa - ther bids us bring them all } Give all O give ye
 lov - ing Fa - ther bids us tell them all }
 lov - ing Fa - ther bids us cast them all }

O give ye all!
 all O hear ye, O hear ye the lov - ing Fa - ther's call! Give

O give ye all And naught withhold,
 all And naught withhold, . . . And He has promised joy un - told.

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* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or by the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

No. 149. There's a Work that Waits Your Hand.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a work that waits your hand, Just for you, just for you! 'Tis a task your Lord has
 2. There are deeds of low-ly love There's a work for One a-
 3. There is serv-ice in His name For you, for you! There are tidings to pro-

SOP. AND ALTO.

plann'd Just for you, just for you! Just to speak for Him a kind-ly, cheering word,
 bove O the joy of Christ that humble hearts can fill,
 claim For you, for you? O the wondrous peace that trust-ing souls may find,

PARTS.

Just to tell of Christ your Lord, There is serv-ice glad for loy-al hearts and true,
 O the joy to do His will, And your dai-ly strength He's promised to re-new,
 Serv-ing Him with heart and mind, There's a task each day in Je-sus' name to do,

Two-PART CHORUS.*

There's a work that waits for you! There's a call to serv-ice sweet, Just for you, just for

for you!

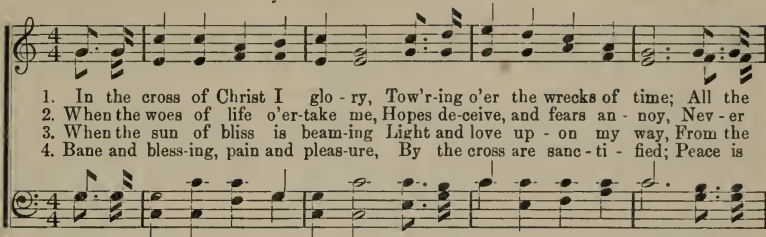
you! There is work so low-ly for a King most ho-ly, There is work that waits for you!

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

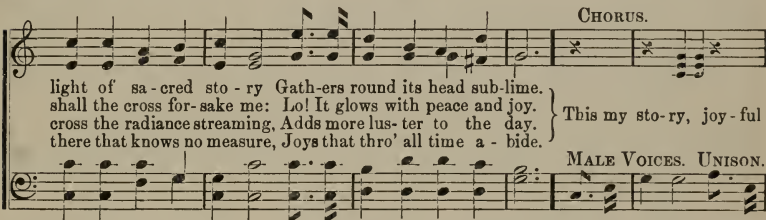
No. 150. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Cho. by GRACE GORDON.

ADAM GEIBEL.



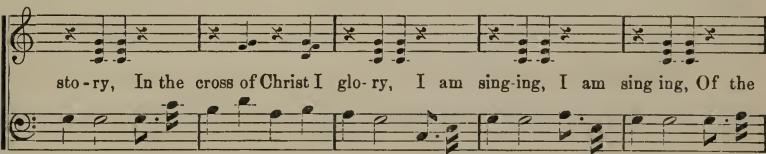
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way, From the
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied; Peace is



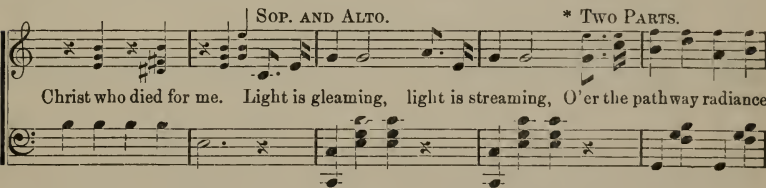
CHORUS.

light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! It glows with peace and joy. } This my sto - ry, joy - ful
cross the radiance streaming, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

MALE VOICES. UNISON.

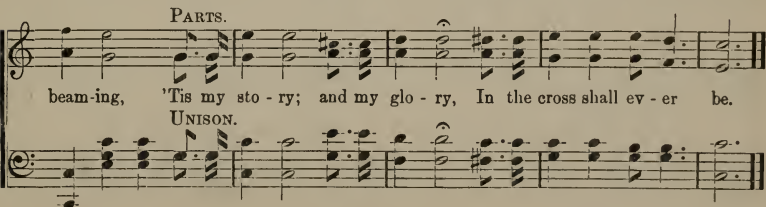


sto - ry, In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, I am sing - ing, I am sing ing, Of the



SOP. AND ALTO. * TWO PARTS.

Christ who died for me. Light is gleaming, light is streaming, O'er the pathway radiance



PARTS.

beam - ing, 'Tis my sto - ry; and my glo - ry, In the cross shall ev - er be.

UNISON.

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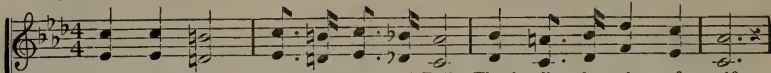
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No. 151.

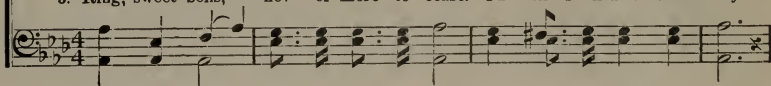
Blessed Gospel Bells.

C. A. M.

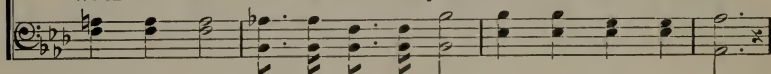
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Hear the chimes of the Gos - pel Bells, Thro' all the noise of strife,
 2. Now they ring of a bur - den borne Ev - en to Cal - va - ry,
 3. Ring, sweet bells, nev - er more to cease. Un - til shall dawn that day

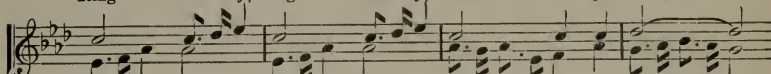


Hark! O earth, as their ring - ing tells Of e - ter - nal life.
 Hope they bring to the wea - ry, worn, Earth shall yet be free.
 When all earth in an end - less peace Dwells in love for aye.



*CHORUS.

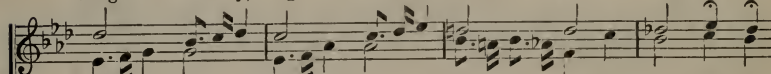
Ring mer - ri - ly, ring cheer - i - ly, Glad Gos - pel bells,



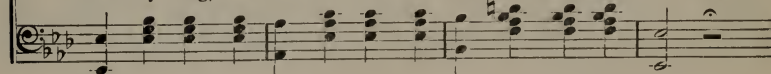
Mer - ri - ly ring, cheer - i - ly ring Ring the gos - pel sto - ry, ring it ev - er - more,



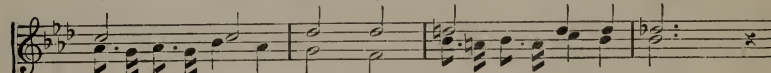
Ring mer - ri - ly, ring cheer - i - ly, Night and day, ring yel



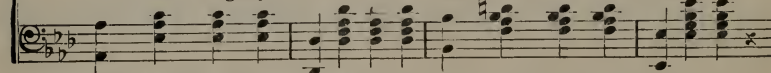
Mer - ri - ly ring, cheer - i - ly ring, Tell the mes - sage night and day, ring yel



Tell the sto - ry, O'er o - cean waves,



Tell the world the gos - pel sto - ry, Bear it o'er the o - cean waves.



* Tenors sing with Sopranos, Altos with Basses

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Blessed Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

Ring mer - ri - ly, ring cheer - i - ly,
 Mer - ri - ly ring, cheer - i - ly ring, Je - sus saves.

No. 152.

Give Thanks.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

SCHUMANN.

1. Give thanks, give thanks, for mercies ev - er new! Each day is crown'd, His gifts abound,
 2. Give thanks, give thanks, for wonders He hath wrought! What peace and light, what blessings bright,
 3. Give thanks, give thanks, for strength from day to day! His presence near, shall guide and cheer,

Like morn - ing dew. Give thanks, give thanks, for skies that bright - ly shine! See
 His hand hath brought. Give thanks, give thanks, for all His gifts di - vine! O
 A - long the way. Give thanks, give thanks, He tells thee "Thou art mine!" On

D.S.—Give thanks, give thanks! To Him thine all re - sign, His
 FINE. CHORUS.

ev - 'ry-where His con - stant care, His wealth is thine. } Give thanks, give thanks! His
 joy so sweet, O joy com - plete, His wealth is thine. }
 Him, O call, who giv - eth all, His wealth is thine. }

gifts so free, He giv - eth thee, His wealth is thine.

D.S.

won - drous goodness tell, Give thanks, give thanks! He do - eth all things well.

Shining Inside.—Concluded.

TWO PART CHORUS.*

Shine on..... O Love-light pure! With peace..... that shall en-dure;

Shine on, O Love-light bright and pure! With peace that ever shall en dure;

I know there's e'er a song somewhere Of joy . . . an-oth-er soul may share;

MALE VOICES.

PARTS. 2

I shall re-joice no mat-ter what be-tide, And keep the Love-light shining in-side.

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices.

No. 154. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

REV. GEORGE MATHESON.

ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee
 2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.
 stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May brighter, fairer be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn should tearless be.
 dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

No. 155. As Eastern Children Came.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. As east-ern chil-dren came, A Sav-iour to ac-claim, So we our
 2. He bade them all draw near, As rang their songs so clear, So He our
 3. We come like those of yore To wor-ship and a-dore, To bless Him

CHORUS.

King pro-claim, This ho-ly day, }
 praise will hear, This ho-ly day. } For with joy we're sing-ing,
 ev-er-more, This ho-ly day. }

TWO-PART.* UNISON TWO-PART.

'Tis His ho-ly day, And the bells are ring-ing, 'Tis His ho-ly

UNISON. TWO PART

day; O the ech-oes wing-ing Near and far a-way,

UNISON. TWO PART

For the joy-ous bells are ring-ing, 'Tis His ho-ly day.

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the school. The upper notes (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices, or the high voices. In the latter case, the lower notes (melody) are sung by the low voices.

No. 156. We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall turn their hearts
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions That shall lift their hearts
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who reign -
4. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions Who the path of sor -

1. turn

to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy, A
to the Lord, A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
eth a - bove, Hath sent us his Son to save us, And
row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples Might
their hearts to the right,

sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light,
shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

sto . . . ry of peace and light.

CHORUS.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noonday bright,

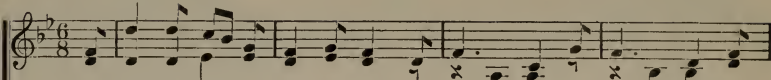
rall.

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

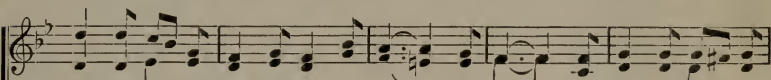
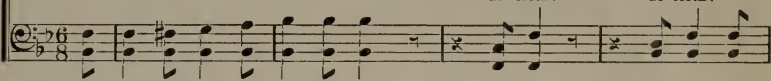
No. 157. Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

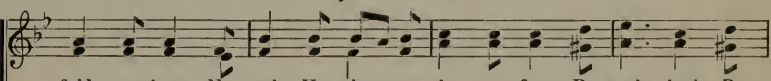
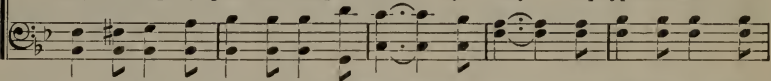
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world! O stay not! De - lay not, But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!



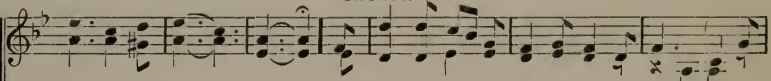
Lord Him - self will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban - ner be un - furl'd, And grace be told. O let re - deem - ing
stay the might - y pow'r of wrong Wher - e'er ye may. Equipp'd with love and



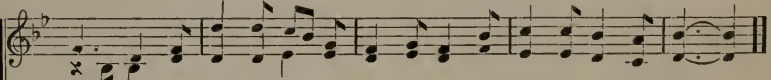
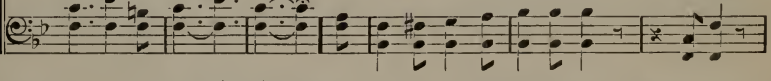
field to choose, No work He gives must thou re - fuse, Be work - ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! Be
strength di - vine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine! Be work - ing! Be



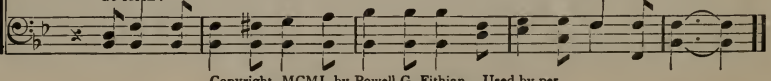
CHORUS.



watch - ing! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who
Go forth!



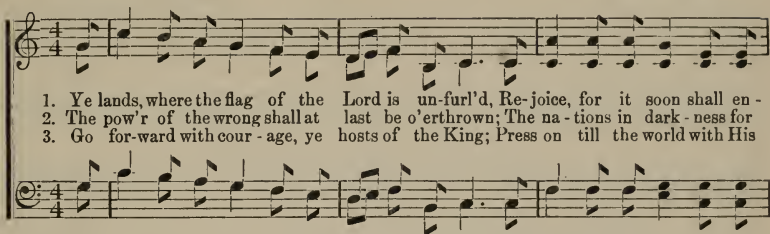
calls thee; The har - vest waits for thee to - day, Go bring some sheaves for God.
Go forth!



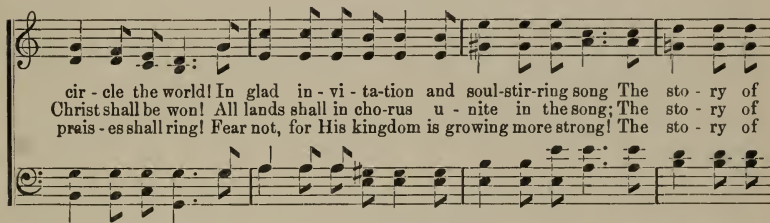
No. 158. The Story of Jesus is Sweeping Along!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

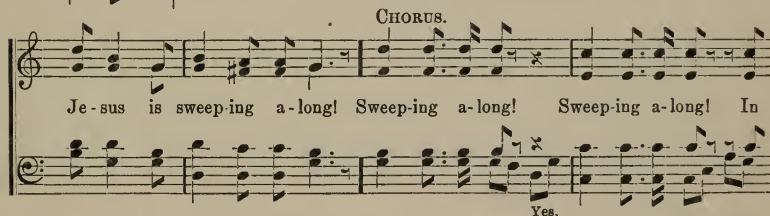


1. Ye lands, where the flag of the Lord is un-fur'd, Re-joice, for it soon shall en-
2. The pow'r of the wrongs shall at last be o'erthrown; The na-tions in dark-ness for
3. Go for-ward with cour-age, ye hosts of the King; Press on till the world with His

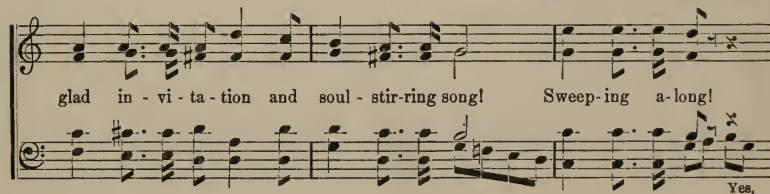


cir- cle the world! In glad in- vi- ta- tion and soul- stir- ring song The sto- ry of
Christ shall be won! All lands shall in cho- rus u- nite in the song; The sto- ry of
praîs- es shall ring! Fear not, for His kingdom is growing more strong! The sto- ry of

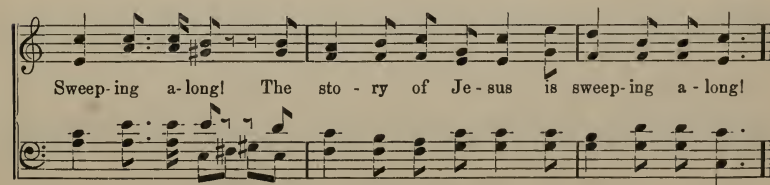
CHORUS.



Je- sus is sweep- ing a- long! Sweep- ing a- long! Sweep- ing a- long! In
Yes,



glad in- vi- ta- tion and soul- stir- ring song! Sweep- ing a- long!
Yes,

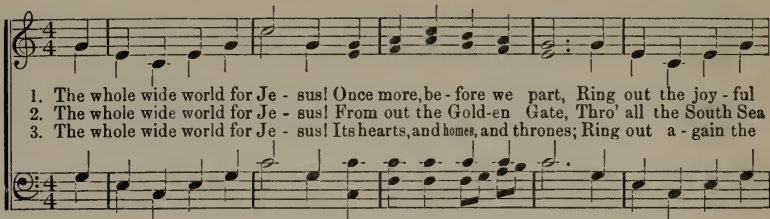


Sweep- ing a- long! The sto- ry of Je- sus is sweep- ing a- long!

No. 159. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

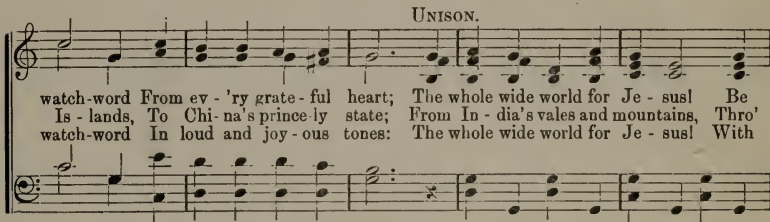
D. K. W.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



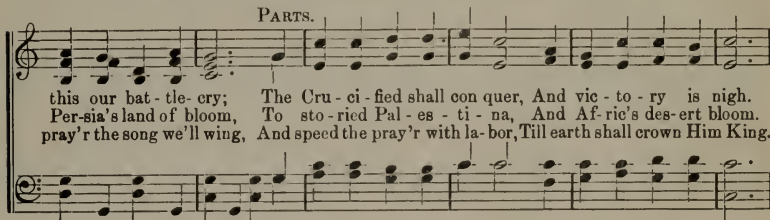
1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part, Ring out the joy - ful
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold - en Gate, Thro' all the South Sea
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones; Ring out a - gain the

UNISON.



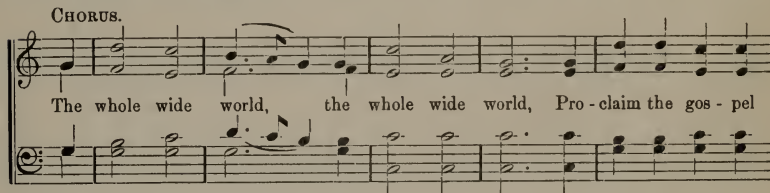
watch - word From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart; The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be
Is - lands, To Chi - na's prince - ly state; From In - dia's vales and mountains, Thro'
watch - word In loud and joy - ous tones: The whole wide world for Je - sus! With

PARTS.

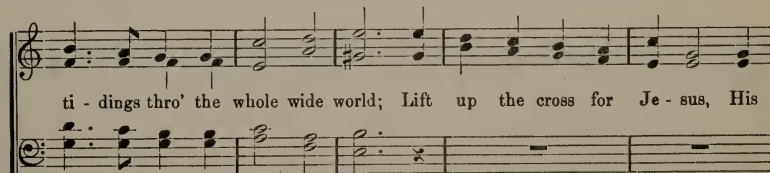


this our bat - tle - cry; The Cru - ci - fied shall con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
Per - sia's land of bloom, To sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af - ric's des - ert bloom.
pray'r the song we'll wing, And speed the pray'r with la - bor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

CHORUS.



The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro - claim the gos - pel



ti - dings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.—Concluded.

ban - ner be un - furled, Till ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him thro' the whole wide world.

No. 160. The Kingdom Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. From all the dark plac - es Of earth's hea then rac - es, O see how the
 2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing, To con - quer the
 3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their arms of re -

thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,
 king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His pres - ence shall bless them,
 bel - lion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion,

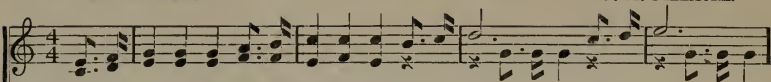
D.S.—The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo - ry.

FINE. CHORUS.

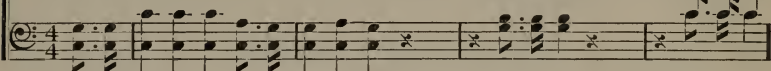
Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
 His beau - ty shall en - ter them in. } The king - dom is com - ing, O
 Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

As wa - ters that cov - er the sea. *D.S.*

tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be!



1. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly;
 2. That the tidings blest may be borne abroad, Give your hand, give your hand,
 1. Let them fly, let them fly,



All ye va - liant ones, let your rallying shout Rend the sky, rend the sky.
 That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand, take your stand,
 Rend the sky,



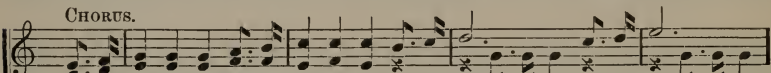
Now we see the bright-ness of His word, And we hail the ris - ing dawn,
 And no ill thy soul un-mov'd shall see, In the bat - tle's din and shock,



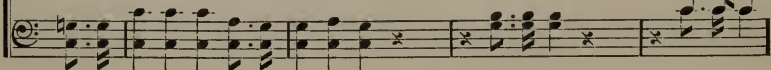
Now Je - ho - vah takes His conqu'ring sword, And His cause goes marching on.
 For the Lord Him - self thy strength shall be, And thine ev - er - last - ing Rock.



CHORUS.



In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly;
 Let them fly, let them fly;



Fly Your Banners.—Concluded.

Lift, ye valiant ones, your rallying shout To do or die; In the name of Christ let them

fly, In the name of Christ let them fly; O let your banners fly, Let your banners fly.

No. 162. Christ for the World We Sing.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

FELICE DE GIARDINI.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

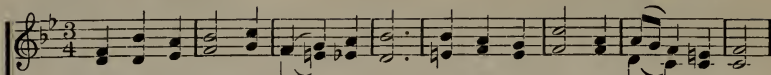
With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
 With fer - vent pray'r; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less
 With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re -

o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
 pas - sion toss'd, Re - deemed at count - less cost From dark de - spair.
 preach to dare, With us the cross to bear For Christ our Lord.

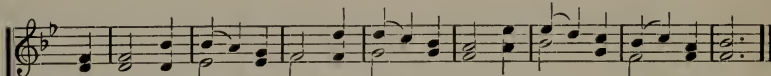
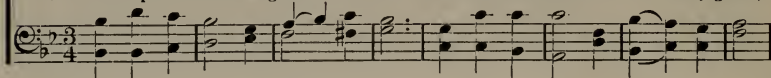
No. 163. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

FRANK MASON NORTH.

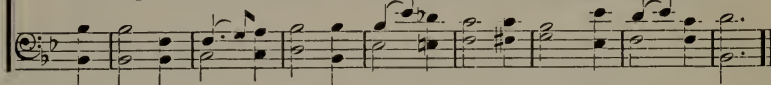
Arr. from BEETHOVEN.



1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretched-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. From tender childhood's help-less-ness, From woman's grief, man's bur-den-ed toil,
4. The cup of wa-ter given to Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;



A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis - ion of Thy tears.
From fam - ished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to see The sweet com - pas - sion of Thy face.

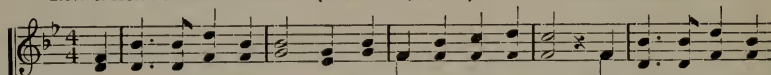


- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,</p> | <p>6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod,
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the City of our God.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

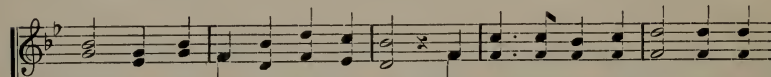
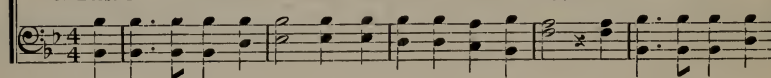
No. 164. The Morning Light is Breaking.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. (WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.)

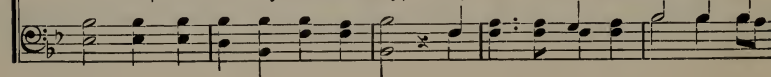
GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis - appears; The sons of earth are
2. See heathen nations bend ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as -
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pursue thine onward way; Flow thou to ev - ry



wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings
cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The
na - tion, Nor in Thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri -



The Morning Light is Breaking.—Concluded.

tidings from a - far, Of na - tions in com - motion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
 gos - pel call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing,—A na - tion in a day.
 umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

No. 165. O Zion, Haste, Tny Mission High Fulfilling.

MARY ANN THOMSON.

JAMES WALCH.

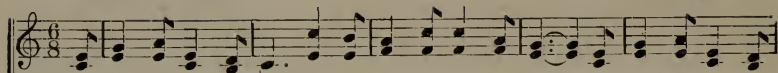
1. O Zi - on, haste thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thou - sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
3. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry peo - ple, tongue and na - tion That God, in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
5. He comes a - gain: O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - 'ry

world that God is Light, That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
 pris on - house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav - iour's dy - ing,
 live and move, is Love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;
 heart His sav - ing grace: Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,

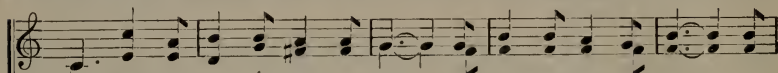
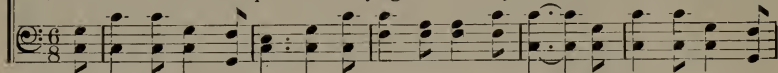
REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night,
 Or of the life He died for them to win.
 And died on earth that man might live a - bove. } Pub - lish glad ti - dings
 And all thou send - est Je - sus will re - pay.
 Thro' thy ne - glect, un - fit to see His face.

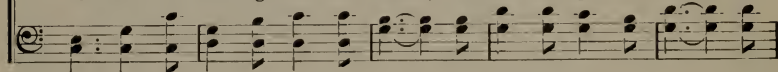
ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, re - demp - tion and re - lease.



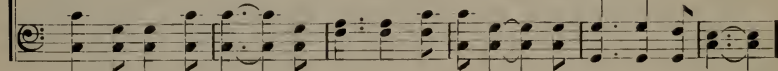
1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide, It may be in the
 2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A - cross the burn - ing
 3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While oth - ers bear their
 4. It is not mine to ques - tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to



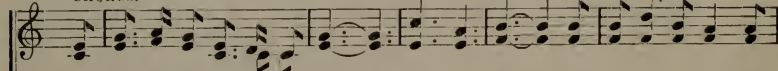
sun - shine that I, in peace a - bide: But this one thing I know - if
 des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
 bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him - con -
 fol - low the lead - ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or



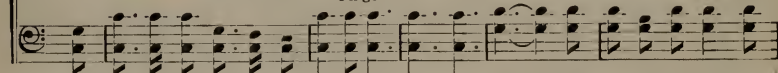
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 fess His judgments fair And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
 wheth - er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, con - tent an - y - where!



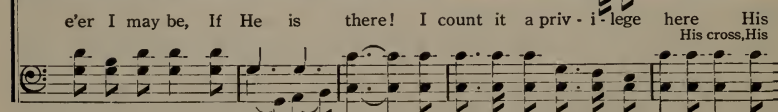
CHORUS.



If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where! 'Tis heav - en to me, Wher -
 I'll go



e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here His
 His cross, His



If Jesus Goes with Me.—Concluded.

cross to bear; If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 cross, His cross to bear;

No. 167. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE,

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are fields that to har - vest are white, And a reap - er with joy I will be;
2. There's a mes - sage to bear far and near, Of a Sav - iour whose love sets us free,
3. There are souls who are drift - ing a - way, Let me bring them, dear Lord, un - to Thee;

Golden sheaves will I bring, to my Mas - ter and King, For the Lord can depend on me!
 And the call ring - ing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can depend on me!
 I will seek them to - day, I will haste nor de - lay, For the Lord can depend on me!

CHORUS.

Yes, the Lord can depend on me, on me, Yes, the Lord can depend on me; on me;

And His name I'll confess, un - to Him I say "Yes," For the Lord can depend on me!

No. 168.

LYCURGUS L. FORD.

We Rally To-day.

ADAM GEIBEL, Mus. Doc.

1. We ral - ly to - day to hon - or our King, With hearts that are loy - al we
 2. We wit - ness to - day for Je - sus our Lord, Who tells of His love in His
 3. Our hearts are e - late with glo - ry with - in, For He is re - deem - ing from
 4. We ral - ly to - day and wit - ness and sing To hon - or our Sav - iour and

sing, (we sing,) "All glo - ry to Je - sus the Sav - iour of men, All
 word; (His word;) We ral - ly and joy - ous - ly wit - ness and sing, "All
 sin; (from sin;) Let all in deep grat - i - tude join in the song, "All
 King; (our King; Who hold - eth the world in His won - der - ful power, And

glo - ry a - gain and a - gain, All glo - ry a - gain and a - gain."
 glo - ry to Je - sus our King, All glo - ry to Je - sus our King."
 glo - ries to Je - sus be - long, All glo - ries to Je - sus be - long."
 guid - eth our ways ev - 'ry hour, And guid - eth our ways ev - 'ry hour.

REFRAIN.

SOPS. AND ALTOS. *Unison.*

MALE VOICES.

We ral - - ly to - day, We ral - - ly to - day,

Parts.

We ral - ly to - day to hon - or our King, With hearts that are loyal we sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glory,—great things He hath done, So lov'd He the world that He
 2. O per - fect re - demp - tion, the purchase of blood, To ev - 'ry be - liev - er the
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our rejoicing thro'?

gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life an a - tone - ment for sin, And o - pened the
 prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who tru - ly be - lieves, That moment from
 Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and great - er will be Our wonder, our

CHORUS.

Life - gate that all may go in. } Praise the Lord praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His
 Je - sus a par - don receives. }
 transport, when Je - sus we see.

voicel Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice! O come to the

Fa - ther, thro' Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry,—great things He hath done.

No. 170.

The Heavens Are Telling.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

HAYDN.
(Refrain by Alfred Judson.)

1. The heav-ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God;
2. The heav-ens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God;

And all the host on high In ra-diant splendor shine;
And lo, in a-zure height, Cre-a-tion's sto - ry old,

Lo, all the earth and sky Proclaim His pow'r di - vine!
The won-ders of His might A - dor-ing we be-hold.

REFRAIN.

Pro-claim Him! Pro-claim Him! Cre - a - tor ac-claim Him, O hills in beau - ty

clad, O vales in verd - ure glad, The Lord of all, He is Lord of all

No. 171.

Bells in Shady Dells.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

SOLO, or All in Unison.

1. With love and praise all nature's voice is sounding, The praise of God for blessings of His
 2. Each ti - ny flow'r in woodland shelter hid - ing, Proclaims the care that God in love be -
 3. Let bells ring out from ev - 'ry sacred stee - ple, In praise to Him who holds us in His

love; And ev - 'ry field with treasures rich a - bound - ing, Looks up in joy to
 stows; And bird and beast in for - est home a - bid - ing, A ref - uge find when
 hand; And ev - 'ry tongue from true and thankful peo - ple, Tell of His love for

CHORUS.

heav - ens bright a - bove. } O flow - er bells, In shad - y dells, Ring out your
 win - try temp - est blows. } this His fav - ored land.

prais - es, in your faagrance ev - er ring. . . . From ci - ty tow'rs, In twi - light

hours, The bells are swinging, And ringing Their praises to our King.

No. 172. My Heart is Filled with Gratitude.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O for words to sing Un - to Christ my King, For His mer - cies full and free,
2. For the cross He bore, And the crown He wore, And the ran - som paid for me,
3. For com - mu - nion sweet, And a joy complete, In a fel - low - ship of love,

That I might ex - press All the hap - pi - ness That His love has giv - en me.
When His life He gave, Pass - ing thro' the grave By the way of Cal - va - ry.
For a home that waits Just be - yond the gates Of the heav'n - ly courts a - bove.

CHORUS. UNISON.

My heart is filled with grat - i - tude, To Je - sus, my Sav - iour,

PARTS.

For strength which dai - ly is re - newed, In a fel - low - ship di - vine,

SOPS. AND ALTOS.

In com - mu - nion sweet, And a joy com - plete, Heaven's glo - ries round me

TENORS AND BASSES.

My Heart is Filled with Gratitude.—Concluded.

ALL. UNISON. PARTS.

shine, And I am filled with grat - i - tude That He is mine.

No. 173. His Name, Jesus.

Mrs. J. I. McC.

(MATT. 1 : 21.)

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, And let us ex - alt His name. Our
2. As in His name we come each day God hears us, and an - swers pray'r, And

CHORUS.

ris - en, liv - ing Lord is He Whose pow'r is still the same. } Je - sus, Je - sus,
when we let Him have His way He car - ries all our care. }
1. the same.

Chiefest among ten thousand, Jesus, Je - sus, Dearer than life to me, Je - sus,
me, to me,

Je - sus, al - to - geth - er love - ly, My precious Saviour, some day His face I'll see,

No. 174. The Land Where the Roses Never Fade.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley,

E. E. HEWITT.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Moderato con espressione.

1. When the cold breath of sorrow blights our joys,
2. When our hopes fail like leaves before the blast,
3. Work-ing on, trust-ing ev - er in His love,

Let us trust in our
We should nev - er be
Let our hearts on our

Father un-dis-mayed;
troubled, nor a-fraid,
Saviour still be stayed;

There is gladness no wint'ry grief destroys, In the
For in Je-sus, we'll gather home at last, In the
For we know we shall see His face above, In the

CHORUS.

Land where the ros - es nev - er fade. In the Land where the roses nev - er

The first system of the chorus features a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are "Land where the ros - es nev - er fade. In the Land where the roses nev - er". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a bass line with chords and moving lines.

fade, Where no sin, neither sorrow dare in - vade, We shall meet our loved ones

The second system continues the chorus with the lyrics "fade, Where no sin, neither sorrow dare in - vade, We shall meet our loved ones". The musical notation follows the same format as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

there, And e - ter - nal glo - ries share, In the Land where the ros - es nev - er fade.

The third system concludes the chorus with the lyrics "there, And e - ter - nal glo - ries share, In the Land where the ros - es nev - er fade." The musical notation includes a final cadence in the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

No. 176.

When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. When moth-er pray'd! O pre-cious hour When God would come in might-y pow'r!
 2. When moth-er pray'd! Ah, then I knew With-in my soul that God was true;
 3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev-er know
 4. Tho' oth-er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;

rit.
 O mem'-ry sweet! O hal-low'd place Where God did shine in moth-er's face.
 I could no lon-ger doubt His love, But yield-ed all,—born from a-bove.
 A sweet-er time than that blest hour, When Je-sus came in sav-ing pow'r.
 When moth-er pray'd! O peace di-vine! My moth-er's God to-day is mine.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

When moth-er pray'd, she found sweet rest!
 When moth-er pray'd, she found sweet rest!

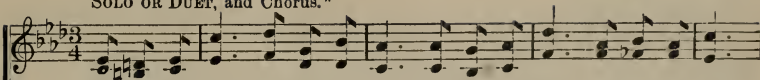
When moth-er pray'd, her soul was blest!
 When moth-er pray'd, her soul was blest!

rit.
 Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when moth-er pray'd.

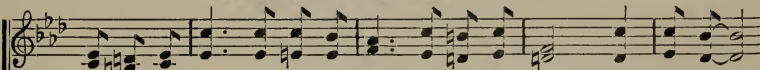
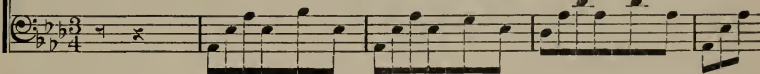
C. AUSTIN MILES.

CLYDE WILLARD.

SOLO OR DUET, and Chorus.*



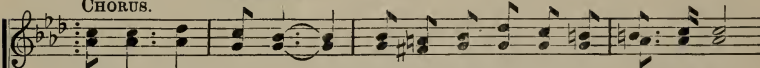
1. Tho' all the world may pass me by, And none may heed my earn-est cry;
2. I'd give the world if I could hear Her lov-ing whis-per, "Do not fear,
3. Her toil worn hands are dear to me, Her lov-ing face in dreams I see;
4. O thoughtless child, to her be kind, For one like her you can-not find;



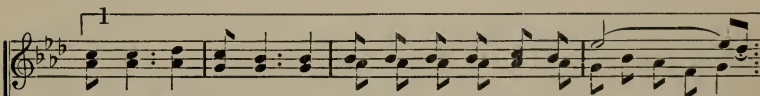
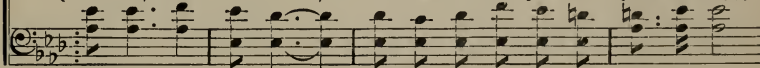
There's one who cares for such as I, It is my own dear moth-er.
 Just go to sleep, for I am near," The voice of my dear moth-er.
 And some sweet day I hope to be In heav'n with God and moth-er.
 The great-est love that God de-signed Is that of your own moth-er.



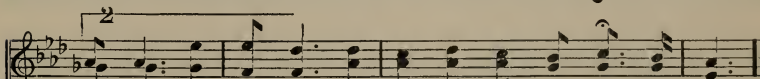
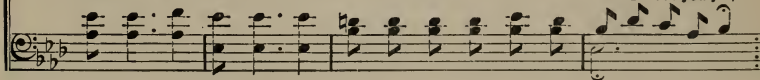
CHORUS.



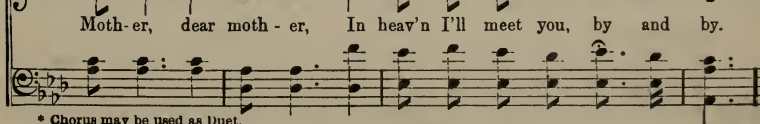
{ Moth-er, dear moth-er, How you watch'd o'er me I'll ne'er for-get; }
 { Moth-er, dear moth-er, There's a crown for you be-yond the sky; }



Moth-er, dear moth-er, Tho' old and gray I love you yet, I love you yet,



Moth-er, dear moth-er, In heav'n I'll meet you, by and by.



* Chorus may be used as Duet.

No. 178.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Service Version. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by Committee of 12.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

With spirit. (♩ = 104.)

f

1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. O thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their lov'd homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
 si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the

mf

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
 fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clo-s-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96.)

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that
 morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star span gled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star span gled

Broaden. *ff*

Star-spangled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 Ban-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

No. 179.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'T's of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
 4. Our fa-ther's God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 180.

America, the Beautiful.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

S. A. WARD.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spacious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple mountain
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern impassioned stress A thoroughfare for
 3. O beau - ti - ful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter

maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
 free - dom beat, A - cross the wil - der - ness! A mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
 cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears! A mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!
 mend thine ev'ry flaw, Conform thy soul in self con - trol. Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - erhood From sea to shining sea!

A. G.

CHARLES GOUNOD.
(Arr. by Adam Geibel.)

{ Praise God the Fa - ther, The King of earth and heav - en;
Sing we His prais - es, For all His lov - ing kind - ness;

Praise God the Fa - ther, O praise Him for His might - y acts!
Praise and a - dore Him, Great Fa - ther all Om - nip - o - tent!

Praise . . . we the Lord, . . . We the chil - dren of His love; . . . Let ev - 'ry
O praise the Lord,

heart . . . now re - joi - ce, . . . Raise to Him our tune - ful voi - ces.
Re - joi - ce, re - joi - ce.

Now . . . to the Lord, . . . To the Lord our praise as - cend - ing; We will
Our praise, our praise,

bless and a-dore His ho - ly name, O sing! O sing forth His glo - ry!

Glo - ry, laud and hon - or, To the might-y King of heav-en! Praise Him, sing His

glo - ry, Let your an-thems ex-ult - ant ring! *Praise the Lord!* Let world-wide ho-

san-nas ring. Let all nations bow be-fore His throne, To our God, the Father,

Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, World-wide ho - san - nas sing. wide ho - san - nas sing.

ELIZABETH WOOD.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOP. AND ALTO.

PARTS.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Fear ye not, O hear His word, Be ye strong! Be ye strong! For your
 2. O for-get not all His deeds, For He
 3. For the joy that's set be-fore, Be strong! Be strong! Lo, His

PARTS.

help-er is the Lord. Be ye strong! Be ye strong! Fear ye not, His hand up-
 know-eth all your needs. He's the Rock of sure foun-
 good-ness shall re-store. Be strong! Bestrong! Keep the faith and fal-ter
 MALE VOICES, or All unison.

holds you, Fear ye not, His love en-folds you, 'Tis a Fa-ther, aye, be holds you.
 da-tion, He's the Cap-tain of sal-va-tion, He's our song of ex-ul-ta-tion.
 nev-er, Keep the faith, be steadfast ev-er, Serve the King with glad en-deav-or.

PARTS.

Be ye strong in Him! Fear ye not! Fear ye not! Be ye
 Be strong! Be strong! Be strong!

CHORUS. UNISON. *Sprightly.*

strong in His strength, be ye strong! Serve Him, serve Him with a trust that's true and

Be Strong.—Concluded.

tried, In His strength be strong, He shall be your song, Serve Him,

PARTS.

serve Him, who has call'd to col - ors roy - al, Ev - er in His strength be strong!

No. 184. For the Beauty of the Earth.

FOLLIOTT S PIERPONT,

(DIX.)

Arr. from CONRAD KOCHER.

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the won - der of each hour, Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth - er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
4. For thy church that ev - er - more Lift - eth ho - ly hands a - bove,

For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Friends on earth, and friends a - bove, For all gen - tle thoughts and mild,
 Off - ring up on ev - 'ry shore Her pure sac - ri - fice of love,

REFRAIN.

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This, our hymn of grate - ful praise.

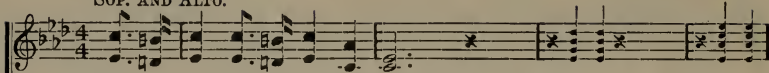
No. 185.

Greet the Golden Hours.

A. A. PAYN.

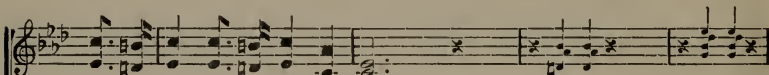
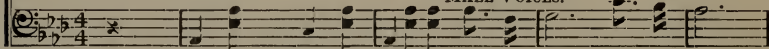
C. AUSTIN MILES.

SOP. AND ALTO.

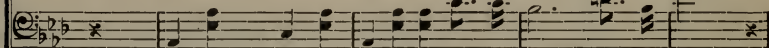


1. Hear the song of the murm'ring sea, God is love, God is love!
 2. From the birds in their sil-v'ry notes, God is love, God is love!
 3. Ev - 'ry-where, o - ver all, we hear, God is love, God is love!

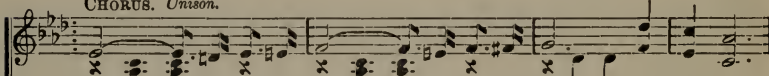
MALE VOICES.



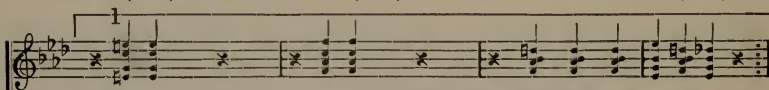
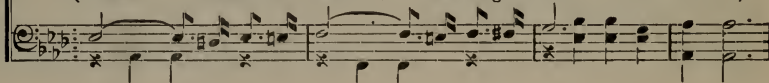
On the waves roll-ing glad and free, God is love, God is love!
 O'er the earth full the mes-sage floats, God is love, God is love!
 Let us all join the car-ol clear, God is love, God is love!



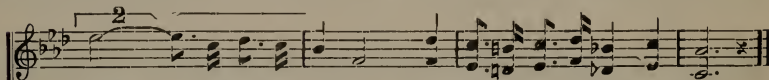
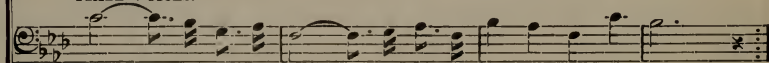
CHORUS. *Unison.*



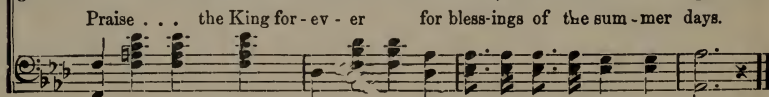
{ Greet . . . the gold-en hours . . . that summer day dis-clos-es,
 { Praise . . . the love so true . . . that brings the time of ros-es;



Give . . . to God a - bove . . . our ma - ny songs of pray'r and praise;
 MALE VOICES.



Praise . . . the King for - ev - er for bless-ings of the sum-mer days.



List the Song.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. List the song we hear from a dis - tant year, Of a promised Prince fore - told;
 2. List the song sub - lime, down the path of time, An - gels touch their harps of gold,
 3. List the her - ald song of a shin - ing throng, And in vis - ions blest be - hold,

O the notes that ring hap - py mem'ries bring, 'Tis the song that ne'er grows old!
 And there rings on high an - them of the sky, 'Tis the song that ne'er grows old!
 An - gel host a - bove car - ol wondrous love, With a song that ne'er grows old!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God! Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - - ry, glo - - ry to God!

SOP. AND ALTO.

glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Sing glo - ry to God! "Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,"

Glo - ry, glo - - ry,

Rings 'neath a ra - diant sky. Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God on high!

No. 187. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

LEWIS H. REDNER.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie; A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is giv'n! So God im - parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De - scend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and

dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
hu - man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing, But
en - ter in; Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christ mas an - gels The

ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
claim the ho - ly birth; And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still. The dear Christ enters in.
great glad tidings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Emman - u - el.

No. 188. We Three Kings of Orient.

JOHN H. HOPKINS.

JOHN H. HOPKINS.

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bearing gifts we traverse a - far, Field and fountain
2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again King for - ev - er
3. Frankincense to of - fer have I; Incense owns a De - i - ty night: Pray'r and praising
4. Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gloom; Sorrowing, sighing,
5. Glorious now behold Him a - rise King, and God, and Sac - ri - fice, Al - le - lu - ia,

We Three Kings of Orient.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

moor and mountain Following yonder star.
ceas-ing nev-er O-ver us all to reign.
all men raising, Worship Him, God on high. } O star of wonder, star of night; Star with
bleeding, dying Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
al-le-lu-ial Heaven and earth replies.

roy-al beau-ty bright; Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to Thy perfect light.

No. 189.

The First Noel.

Traditional.

Traditional Melody.

1. The first No-el the angels did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
2. They look-ed up and saw a Star Bright in the East be-yond them far,
3. And by the light of that same Star, Three Wise Men came from coun-try far,
4. Then en-tered in those Wise Men three, Full rev-'rent-ly up-on the knee,

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
To seek for a King was their in-tent, And to follow the Star wher-ever it went.
And of-fered there, in His pres-ence, Their gold, and myrrh and frankincense.

REFRAIN.

No-el, No-el, No-el, No-el, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.

No. 190.

Silent Night! Holy Night!

JOSEPH MOHR.

FRANZ GRUBER.

1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright! 'Round you vir - gin mother and Child!
 2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight, Glories stream from heaven a - far,
 3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light, Radiant beams from Thy ho-ly face,

Ho - ly Infant so tender and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.
 heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia, Christ the Sav-iour is born, Christ the Sav-iour is born!
 with the dawn of redeem-ing grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

No. 191.

Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

Air. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the world! The Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
 3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
 comes to make His bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

1. And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won - ders of His love, And won-ders, and won - ders of His love.
 sing,.....

sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing,

No. 192.

O Come, All Ye Faithful.

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. OAKELEY.

JOHN READING.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umph-ant, O come ye, O come ye to
 2. ✕ Sing, choirs of an-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Thro' heaven's high arch-es be
 3. ✕ Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing, ✕ Je-sus, for-ev-er be

Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born the King of An-gels; O come, let us a-
 your praises poured; Now to our God be Glo-ry in the high-est; O come, let us a-
 Thy name a-dored; Word of the Fa-ther Now in flesh ap-pear-ing O come, let us a-

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

No. 193. Hark! The Herald angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! The herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth and mercymild, God and
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord, Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail th'in-
 3. Hail the heav'nly Prince of Peace, Hail the Sun of Righteousness, Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with

sinner's re-con-ciled!" Joyful, all ye nations 'rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic
 carnate De-i-ty! Mild He lays His glo-ry by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the
 healing in His wings. Come, Desire of nations, come! Fix in us Thy humble home; O to all Thy-

host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" With th' angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
 sons of earth; Born to give them second birth. Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them second birth.
 self impart, Form'd in each believing heart. O to all Thyself impart, Form'd in each believing heart.

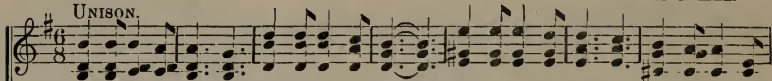
No. 194.

Sleep, My Little Jesus.

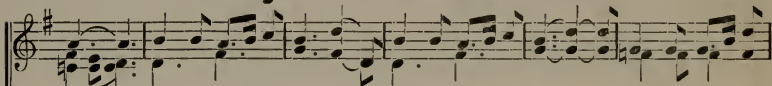
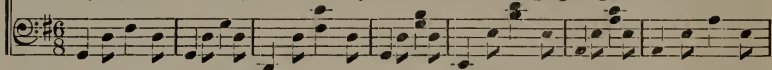
WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

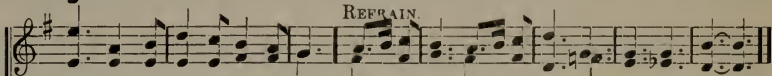
UNISON.



1. Sleep, my little Je - sus, On Thy bed of hay, While the shepherds homeward Journey on their
2. Sleep, my little Je - sus, While Thou art my owl Ox and ass Thy neighbors, Shalt Thou have a
3. Sleep, my little Je - sus, Wonder - ba - by mine! Well the singing an - gels Greet Thee as di-

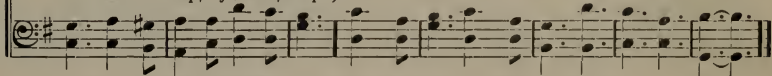


way. Moth - er is Thy shep - herd And will her vig - il keep : Did the voic - es
throne? Will they call me bless - ed? Shall I stand and weep? Be it far, Je -
vine. Thro' my heart, as heav - en Low the ech - oes sweep Of glo - ry to Je -



REFRAIN

wake Thee? O sleep, my Jesus, sleep! }
ho - vah! O sleep, my Jesus, sleep! } Soft - ly sleep, sweetly sleep, My Je - sus, sleep!
ho - vah! O sleep, my Jesus, sleep! }



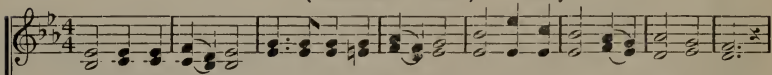
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No. 195.

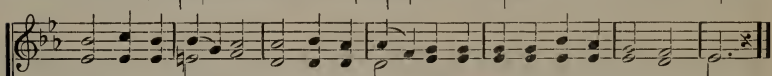
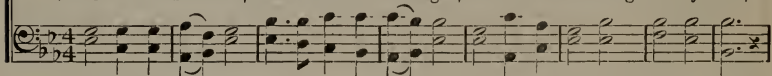
Fairest Lord Jesus.

(CRUSADER'S HYMN)

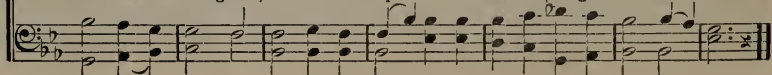
Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture! O Thou of God and man the Soul!
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star - ry host;



Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thee, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines brighter, Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.



A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

PARTS.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Hear the Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells, As they sing in clarion tone
 2. Ring, O Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells, Earth has cause for joy to-day,
 3. Ring, ye Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells, Ring the end of sin and wrong,
 1. Hear the Eas-ter bells, Bless-ed Eas-ter bells,

bells, bells,

PARTS.

Songs that echo from the throne, Thro' the earthly way, On this happy day;
 Angels roll'd the stone away. Tell, O Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells,
 Blessed be your Easter song; Hap-py Easter bells, Blessed Easter bells,
 Thro' the earthly way, On this hap-py day;

way, day;

CHORUS. *Sva. ad lib.*

Christ is ris-en, He is ris-en from the dead. } Ring; O ring!
 Christ is ris-en, He is ris-en from the dead. } Ring, ring,
 Telling us that Christ is ris-en from the dead. }

1

Ring, O ring! Blessed bells of Easter, Ring of joy for
 Ring, ring,

2

sadness; ring! Ring a reign of gladness, Ring! Ring! Ring!

Who Shall Roll the Stone Away?

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO OR ALL. *Slowly and quietly.*

1. 'Neath darkened skies we sad-ly fare, To gar-den lone, our Lord is
 2. On Calv'ry's hill, His life He gave, Be-hold He sleeps in gar-den
 3. With bro-ken hearts, we sad-ly fare, To Him we love, our spi-ces

there, We seek His tomb, ere dawn of day, But who shall
 grave, His tomb is veiled in shad-ows gray, And who shall
 bear, Our Mas-ter lies, in death's ar-ray, But who shall

PARTS. *rit. e dim.*

roll the stone a-way? Shall roll, shall roll the stone a-way?

CHORUS. UNISON. *Much faster.* PARTS.

Fear not, but haste to His gar-den, For the guarded tomb stands wide!

Hear ye the fair an-gel war-den, Seek ye the Cru-ci-fied?

Who Shall Roll the Stone Away?—Concluded.

UNISON.

PARTS.

Fear not, the vale of the shadow Nev-er more shall bring dismay,

Rolled a-way, Rolled a-way, rolled a-way, Lo, the stone is rolled a-way!

No. 198. Christ the Lord Is Risen To-Day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LYRA DAVIDICA.

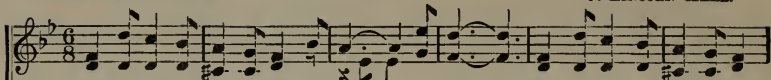
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, Al-le-lu-ial Sons of men and

an-gels say: Al-le-lu-ial Raise your joy and triumphs high,

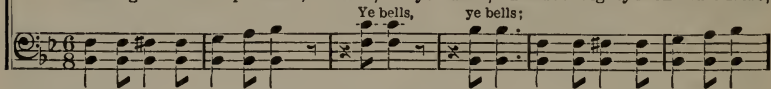
Al-le-lu-ial Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Al-le-lu-ial

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! The sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

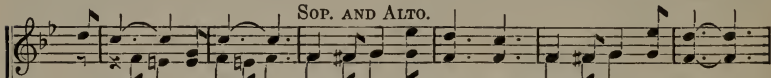
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!



1. Easter gladness now proclaim, Ye bells, ye bells; Praise a mighty Monarch's name,
2. Easter hope to mortals bear, Ye bells, ye bells; Light is glow-ing ev'rywhere,
3. Easter gladness now proclaim, Ye bells, ye bells; Praise a mighty Monarch's name,

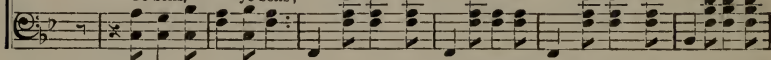
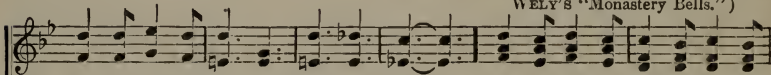


SOP. AND ALTO.

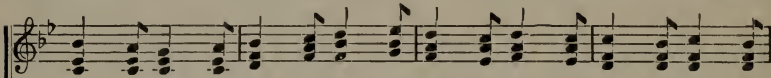
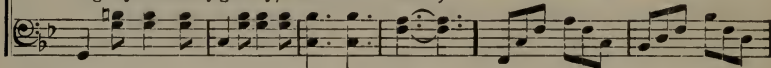


Ye bells, ye bells; Tell of life im-mor-tal, Joys that e'er a-bide,
 Ye bells, ye bells; Raptured echoes ring-ing, Hail the Cru-ci-fied!
 Ye bells, ye bells; Tell to earth the sto-ry, Ech-o far and wide,

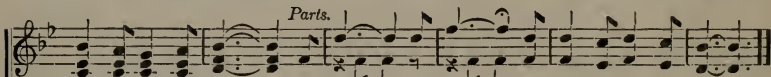
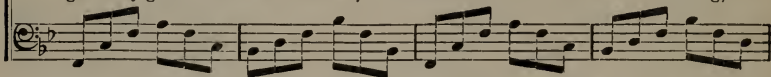
Ye bells, ye bells;

CHORUS. *Unison.* (Arr. from LEFEBURE WELY'S "Monastery Bells.")

O-pen swing thy por-tal, Eas-ter-tide. }
 Blessing thou art bringing, Eas-ter-tide. } Chime a-near and chime a-far, As
 Brightly shines thy glo-ry, Eas-ter-tide. }

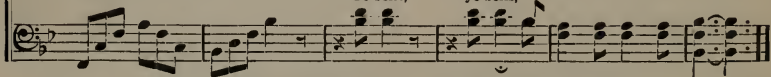


glo-ry gates of morn-un-bar; Pro-claim to earth her ris-en King, Ye



bells of Eas-ter, ring; Ye bells, ye bells, ye bells of Eas-ter, ring.

Ye bells, ye bells,



A. A. PAYN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

UNISON.

1. Words of glad-ness greet thy beau-teous ray, Joy-ous Eas-ter day,
 2. Heav'n-ly War-den with His flam-ing sword, Sent from heav'n a-bove,
 3. Grief dis-pell-ing, hap-py Eas-ter-tide, Has-ten on your way,

wel-come Eas-ter day, For grief and sad-ness now have pass'd a-way,
 this is His re-ward, Be-hold, the gar-den greets a ris-en Lord,
 on your joy-ful way, For-ev-er tell-ing of the Cru-ci-fied,

CHORUS.

On this Res-ur-rec-tion Morn. Hap-py hours of Eas-ter-tide,

Bear your mes-sage far and wide, Tell the vic-t'ry of the Cru-ci-fied,

1 PARTS. 2 PARTS.
 Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

No. 201.

Sing Ye Alleluia!

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sing ye an - gels at His tomb, Al - le - lu - ia! Dawn has banished
 2. Sing ye mourning hearts and sad, Al - le - lu - ia! Lo, He lives, in
 3. Sing O end - less a - ges long, Al - le - lu - ia! Let His triumph

SOP. AND ALTO.

Calv'ry's gloom, Al - le - lu - ia! Lo, the sun - lit gar - den ways
 Him be glad, Al - le - lu - ia! Haste ye here 'neath dawning light,
 be your song, Al - le - lu - ia! Sing His vic - t'ry o'er the grave

ALL. PARTS.

Blos - som forth in Eas - ter praise, Sing, O sing ye al - le - lu - ia!
 From His tomb streams radiantly light, Sing, O sing ye al - le - lu - ia!
 Lo, He liv - eth, strong to save, Sing, O sing ye al - le - lu - ia!

CHORUS.

{ Crown Him, crown Him Vic - tor o'er the vale; Swing, ye gates, lo, He waits,
 { Crown Him, crown Him, Calv'ry's Conqu'ror hail, (Omit.....)

2

He who shall pre - vail; Sing, O sing ye al - le - lu - ia!

No. 202.**The Strife is O'er.**

Latin. Tr. by FRANCIS POTT.

(PALESTRINA.)

GIOVANNI PALESTRINA.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is
 2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis -
 3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped, He ris - es glo - rious from the
 4. He closed the yawning gates of hell, The bars from heav'n's high por - tals

won; The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ial
 persed: Let shout of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ial
 dead: All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ial
 fell; Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell! Al - le - lu - ial

No. 203.**Faith of Our Fathers.**

FREDERICK W. FABER.

H. F. HEMY, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword:
 2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free,
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all na - tions win for thee;
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 204.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Lord God al-might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!

No. 205. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
 2. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -
 3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be; Let us see Thy

hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,
 turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave; Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing,
 great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee. Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry,

Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev'ry trem - bling heart.
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above, Pray and praise Thee without ceasing, Glory in Thy perfect love.
 Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise

No. 206. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain: His blood - red ban - ner
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas - ter
 3. A glorious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came, Twelve valiant saints, their

streams a - far; Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri -
 in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In
 hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame; They climb'd the steep ascent of heav - en Thro'

umphant o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 midst of mor - tal pain, He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 per - il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in His train.

No. 207. Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 an - gel fac - es smile, ... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 208.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;
 4. To the great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more!

Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 Come, and Thy people bless; And give Thy word success, Spirit of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
 His sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 209.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and teach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

No. 210.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I re - sign;
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchas'd my pardon on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

My gracious Re-deem-er, my Sav-iour art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit-tering crown on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."

No. 211. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not a-tone;
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 212. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be across That rais-eth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
An-gele to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

No. 213.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-our dear, It is not night if Thou be near.
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
 3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
 4. Watch by the sick; en-rich the poor With blessings from Thy bound-less store;
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is night, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Be ev-'ry mourn-er's sleep to-night, Like in-fant's slum-bers, pure and light.
 Till, in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

No. 214.

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With ma-ny'a con- flict, ma-ny'a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
 5. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 215.

O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
 3. Je-sus! The name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-cel'd sin, He sets the pris-ner free;

O For a Thousand Tongues.—Concluded.

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His gracel
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for ma.

No. 216.

Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r!
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness;
5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
 Who, like Thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, Thy victo-ry? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me.
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

No. 217.

All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET, Alt.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you
3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your tro-phies
4. Let ev-'ry kind-red ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-
5. O that, with yon-der sacred throng, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-

di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 at His feet, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 ty as-cribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 last-ing song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this his glo - rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

No. 219.

Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth and song;
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?
 As the day - light fades in - to deep night shades, Does He care e - nough to be near?
 When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches till it near - ly breaks—Is it naught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares; His heart is touched with my grief;

*ad lib.**rit.*

When the days are wea - ry, the long nights drear - y, I know my Sav - iour cares.....
 He cares.

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No. 220.

O Thou in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

Tune, MEDITATION.

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de - light, On whom in af - lic - tion I call,
 2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in past - ures of love?
 3. He looks and ten thousands of an - gels re - joice, And myr - i - ads wait for His word;
 4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol - low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;

My com - fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all
 Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - derness rove?
 He speaks! And e - ter - ni - ty, fill'd with His voice, Re - ech - oes the praise of the Lord.
 Re - store and de - fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

No. 221.

I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleasant to repeat, What seems, each time I tell it,
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry. Because I know 'tis true; It
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have never heard The
 To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill

REFRAIN.

sat - is - fies my longings As noth - ing else can do.
 message of sal - vation From God's own ho - ly Word. } I love to tell the sto - ry,
 be - the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long!

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 222.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di -
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in -
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.

vinel - Now hear me while I pray Take all my guilt a - way, O let me
spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and
guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me

from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love
Fear and distrust remove,
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

No. 223. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(MARTYN.)

SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

- Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings pro-TECT-ing, hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put his arms un - fail - ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smited death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet,..... Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet, Till we meet,..... Till we meet,

till we meet,.... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet,

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thou shalt not have, so says the Lord, Be - fore me an - y other God; 2. Thou shalt not
3. Thou shalt not take my name in vain, Else guiltless thou shalt not remain; 4. Al - ways re -
5. Thy fa - ther and thy moth - er, too, Thou shalt do hon - or and be true; 6. Thou shalt not
7. To base desire thou shalt not yield, God's word on this shall be revealed; 8. Thou shalt not
9. False witness thou must nev - er bear, God's word on this is very clear; 10. Thou shalt not

CHORUS.

make nor wor - ship one, I am thy God and I a - lone.
member, this o - bey, Ho - ly to keep the sabbath day.
kill, but rath - er give Out of thy love that all may live. } Ten Commandments sent from heav'n,
steal nor take a - way That which is not thy own al - way.
cov - et, this is wrong, If to a - noth - er it be - long.

God to me each one has giv'n; All of these I will o - bey, Walking thus in wisdom's way.

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The Ten Commandments.

NOTE.—Two Commandments should be read (or recited in concert,) then sing the corresponding stanzas, as numbered.

And God spoke all these words, saying:

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant,

nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

—Ex. 20: 1-17.

No. 226.

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the be - ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men, Amen.

No. 227.

Gloria Patri No. 2.

Gregorian.

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; }
{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men. }

No. 228.

Doxology.

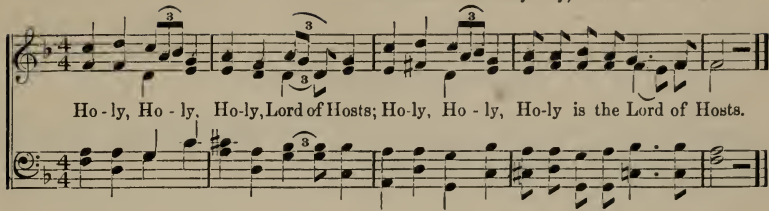
LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 229.

Sanctus.

Theme from the "Holy City," ALFRED R. GAUL.

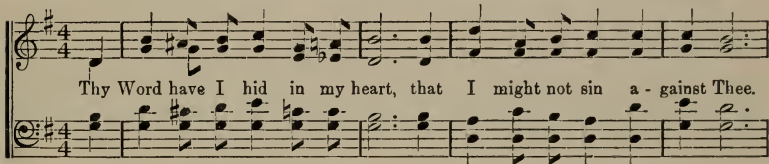


Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord of Hosts; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly is the Lord of Hosts.

No. 230.

Thy Word Have I Hid.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin a- gainst Thee.



Bless- ed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy stat- utes. A- men.

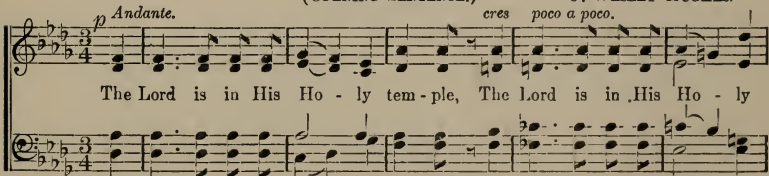
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No. 231.

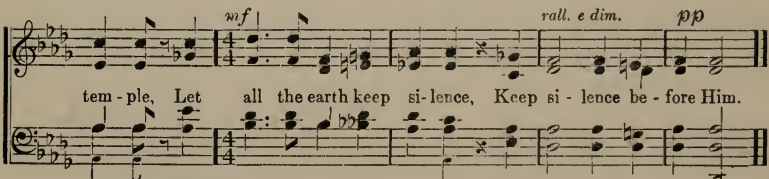
The Lord is In His Holy Temple.

(OPENING SENTENCE.)

J. WESLEY HUGHES.



p *Andante.* *cres poco a poco.*
The Lord is in His Ho- ly tem- ple, The Lord is in His Ho- ly



mf *rall. e dim.* *pp*
tem- ple, Let all the earth keep si- lence, Keep si- lence be- fore Him.

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Orders of Worship.

General Suggestions.

Punctuality should be impressed upon the scholars, and also a feeling of reverence should be inculcated. Hence at the beginning of the exercise, the doors should be closed and the tardy ones not admitted until after the opening hymn and prayer, so that they will not disturb the worship with which the session should always begin.

The Superintendent should always insist upon silence before prayer; the teachers should by precept and example sustain such effort and in a little while the whole school will feel the impulse; as a result the words, "Let us pray," will at once create an atmosphere, reverent and impressive, uplifting and inspiring.

VISITORS. The announcement by a teacher that "A visitor from (Name of place.) is in my class to-day," is far more interesting to the school than the mere statement by the Secretary, "Visitors present, 1."

SINGING. Learn, or try at least two new songs every Sunday. Set aside a period before or after lesson study for this purpose. Divide the School, setting one part in friendly competition with the other, especially in "two-part" singing. Not how loud, but how well sung should be the keynote of the music, though sometimes permission to "sing as loudly as you wish" results in better attention thereafter.

These Orders of Worship are offered merely as suggested forms to be enlarged by the addition of other features, or reduced by omissions of parts if it be necessary or desirable to shorten the sessions.

No. 232.

Instrumental Prelude.

Silence.

Officer in charge declares school open for
Worship and Instruction.

Hymn.

Prayer, concluding with Lord's Prayer.

Response.

Scripture Reading. (Lesson.)

Hymn.

Lesson Period.

Offering.

Fifteen minutes of song.

Silent Prayer.

Dismissal.

No. 233.

Silence.

Doxology.

Responsive Scripture Reading.

Gloria.

Hymn.

Prayer.

Lesson Period and Offering.

Singing two or three selections.

Silent Prayer.

Dismissal.

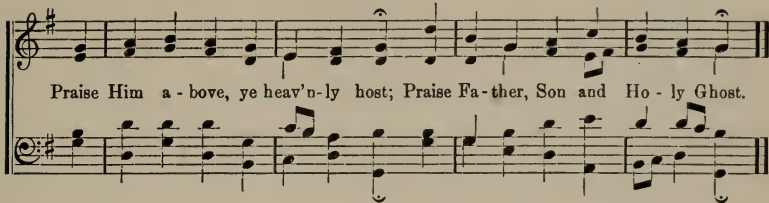
1. Doxology.

No. 234.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Orders of Worship.



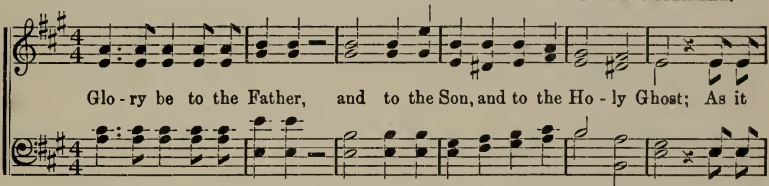
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

2. Sentences.

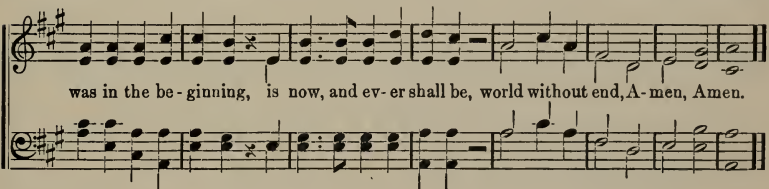
The Lord is in His holy temple. Let the whole earth keep silence before him.
Enter ye into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

3. Gloria.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it



was in the be - ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men, Amen.

4. Prayer.

5. Responses.

God is a Spirit.

And they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

SUPT.—Why should we bless God?

(Various classes may be called on to repeat a verse regarding the blessings of God.)

ALL.—Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.

6. Singing.

7. Scripture Lesson.

8. Lesson Study Period.

9. Worship in Song. (Learning new songs.)

10. Announcements.

11. Lesson Review.

12. Closing Exercises.

No. 235.

1. Hymn.

2. Prayer. (All standing.)

3. Responses.

SUPT.—Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these are they which testify of Me.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

MEN AND BOYS.—The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

TEACHERS.—The entrance of Thy word giveth light.

ALL.—Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.

4. Singing.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin a - gainst Thee.

Bless - ed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy stat - utes. A - men.

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What names are given to God's Word?

Bible, and Scriptures.

Of what is the Bible composed?

Of sixty-six books written by at least forty authors, through a period extending over fifteen hundred years.

(Though the "Song of the Book" can be sung, it is intended as a Recitation with music, and in the hands of the Superintendent to lead in reciting and the pianist to follow closely, will be found a very interesting part of the service.)

The Song of the Book.

W. S.

Rev. WM. STONE

1. Gen - e - sis and Ex - o - dus, Le - vit - i - cus and numbers, With Deuter - on - o -
 2. Job and Psalms and Pro - verbs and then Ec - cle - si - as - tes, With Songs of Sol - o -
 3. Ho - se - a and Joel, A - mos, O - be - di - ah, Jo - nah, Then Mi - cab, Na - hum,
 4. Matthew, Mark and Luke and John, the writers of the Gos - pels, The Acts, the Book of
 5. First and Second Thess - a - lon - ians, First and Second Timothy, Then Ti - tus, Phil - e

Orders of Worship.

my com - plete the Books of law. Josh - ua, Judg - es, Ruth,
 mon are Books of po - et - ry. I - sa - iah, Jer - e - mi - ah, Lam - en -
 hab - ab - kuk, with per - fect faith in God; Zeph - a - ni - ah,
 His - t'ry Ro - mans fol - low next; First Cor - inthians, Sec - ond, then Gal -
 mon and Hebrews, four - teen all. Sev'n E - pis - tles,

First and Sec - ond Sam - u - el, First Kings, Second Kings, Chroni - cles One and
 ta - tions and E - ze - ki - el, Dan - iel fol - lows these might - y men of
 Hag - ga - i, * "be strong and work," Zech - a - ri - ah, Mal - a - chi last of
 a - tions and Eph - e - si - ans Tell us that we must * "gird on our arm - or"
 James and Pet - er One and Two, John One, Two and Three, Jude, they were all with

Two; With Ez - ra, Esth - er, Ne - he - mi - ah are Books of his - to - ry.
 God; All these are the Maj - or Prophets with mes - sage strong and clear.
 all; And these are the Min - or Prophets and might - y men of God.
 bright; Phil - lip - pians, Col - os - sians tell us * "we are complete" in Him.
 Paul; And one book of Rev - e - la - tions, com - plete the Word of God.

• Key Phrase.

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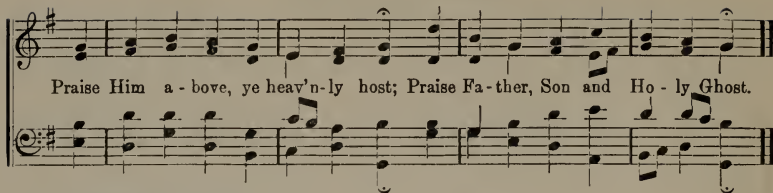
No. 236.

1. Instrumental Prelude.
2. Doxology. (Standing.)

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all bless ings flow; Praise Him, all crea tures here be - low;

Orders of Worship.



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3. Responsive Reading.

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

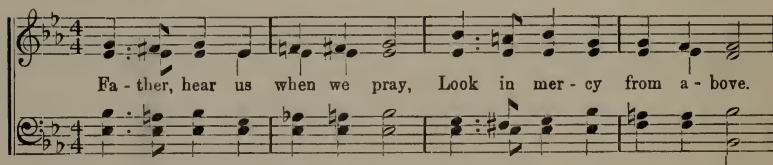
O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

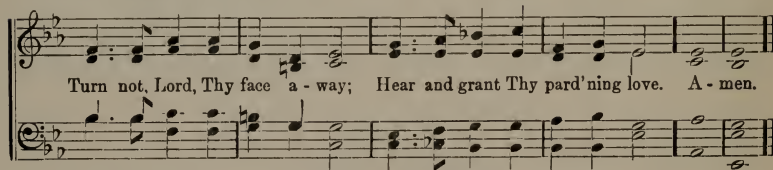
4. Prayer.

5. Response.

ADAM GEIBEL.



Fa - ther, hear us when we pray, Look in mer - cy from a - bove.



Turn not, Lord, Thy face a - way; Hear and grant Thy pard'ning love. A - men.

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6. Singing.

7. Announcements.

8. Reading of Lesson.

9. Lesson Study.

10. Questions on the Lesson.

11. Singing. (Fifteen minutes of new songs.)

12. Closing Worship.

Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.—*Jude 25.*

Orders of Worship.

No. 237.

1. Call for Silence.

2. Doxology.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

3. Superintendent.

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.—*Deut. vi: 5, 6.*

4. Singing.

(OPENING SENTENCE.)

J. WESLEY HUGHES

p Andante.
The Lord is in His Ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in His Ho - ly

mf tem - ple, Let all the earth keep si - lence, *rall. e dim.* Keep si - lence be - fore Him. *pp*

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5. Superintendent. How many teachers are in their places? How many Bibles can be shown? How many classes have perfect attendance? How many classes have visitors present?

"And the Lord said unto his servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—*Luke xiv: 23.*

6. Singing.

7. Reading of Lesson.

8. Lesson Study.

9. "New Song" Period.

Orders of Worship.

No. 238.

SUITABLE FOR A STORMY SUNDAY.

1. Hymn. ("Sunshine and Rain," No. 82.)

2. Prayer.

3. Responsive Reading.

If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments and do them, then will I give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit.

I would seek God, and unto God would I commit my cause, which doeth great things and unsearchable, marvellous things without number, who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth water upon the fields.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth,

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

ALL.—Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: His going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain to the earth.

4. Singing.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin a - gainst Thee.

Bless - ed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy stat - utes. A - men.

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5. Scripture Reading—Lesson for Day.

6. Lesson Study.

7. Service of New Songs.

8. Announcements.

9. Brief Address—Lessons of the Rain.

10. Hymn. ("A Rainy Day Song," No. 83.)

11. Benediction.

Orders of Worship.

No. 239.

SUBJECT—MISSIONS.

1. **Processional.** (Scholars march in carrying flags of various nations, led by two boys, one carrying an American flag, and the other the "Conquest" flag.)
2. **Sentence.** And many nations shall come and say, Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob: and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth out of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

3. Gloria.

Gregorian.

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; }
{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men. }

4. **Prayer.**
5. **Hymn.**
6. **The Command.** (Boy carrying Christian flag goes upon platform, salutes Superintendent, and announces "Orders from headquarters." Repeats): Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.
7. **Hymn.**
8. **Scripture Lesson** **THE MACEDONIAN CALL.**

Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia,

After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithnia: but the Spirit suffered them not.

And they passing by Mysia came down to Troas.

And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us.

And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them.

Therefore loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothracia, and the next day to Neapolis;

And from thence to Philippi, which is the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony: and we were in that city abiding certain days.

And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither.

And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened, and she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul.

And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. And she constrained us.—Acts xvi: 5-16.

9. **Service of New Songs.**
10. **The Call To-day.** (Various members of the school, costumed to represent foreign nations, may come on the platform, and present the needs of the various fields, each speaker being allotted three minutes.)
11. **Hymn.**
12. **Brief Address.**
13. **Benediction.**
14. **Recessional Hymn.** (Scholars march out, led by boys carrying flags.)

Orders of Worship.

No. 240.

SUBJECT—LOYALTY TO GOD.

1. Hymn. ("The Sunday School Army," No. 52.)

2. Sentence. (All.)

Thou art my God, I will praise thee. Thou art my God, I will exalt thee!

3. Singing.

Theme from the "Holy City," ALFRED R. GAUL.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord of Hosts; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly is the Lord of Hosts.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody includes triplets and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord of Hosts; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly is the Lord of Hosts."

4. Responsive Scripture Reading.

Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

ALL.—For evildoers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

5. Sentence Prayer. Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live. I will lift up my hands in thy name.

6. Singing.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin a - gainst Thee.

Bless - ed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy stat - utes. A - men.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody includes quarter notes and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin a - gainst Thee." and "Bless - ed art Thou, O Lord; teach me Thy stat - utes. A - men."

Orders of Worship.

7. Reading of Lesson and Study.
8. Service of New Songs.
9. Announcements.
10. Hymn. ("Loyalty to Christ," No. 99.)
11. Pledge of Loyalty. (Boy comes upon platform with Christian flag. All rise, salute flag and repeat): I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Saviour for whose kingdom it stands. One brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love.
12. Hymn. ("Answer Yes," No. 95.)
13. Crusader's Hymn, No. 195.
14. Benediction, or Closing Prayer.

No. 241.

SUBJECT—PATRIOTISM.

1. Processional. (School marches in singing, led by two boys carrying flags.)
2. Call for Silence.
3. Superintendent. Blessed is that people whose God is Jehovah. Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.
4. Scripture Reading.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

ALL.—For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

5. Gloria.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the be - ginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men, Amen.

6. Prayer.
7. Lesson Study Period.
8. Service of New Songs.
9. Announcements.

Orders of Worship.

10. Patriotic Quotations by Members of Different Classes
11. Brief Patriotic Address.
12. Salute to the Flag. (A boy carrying large flag comes upon platform and all repeat):
I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands. One nation
indivisible, with liberty and justice to all.
13. Closing Worship.
The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.
ALL.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.
14. Recessional. Instrumental. (No. 181 may be played only, or sung if desired.)

Scripture Selections.

No. 242

Old Testament Beatitudes.

LEADER.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly; but his delight is in the law of the Lord.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord promised to them that love him.

LEADER.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in the Lord.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the day of evil.

LEADER.—Blessed are they who regard justice, and who practice righteousness at all times.

ALL.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

No. 243.

New Testament Beatitudes.

LEADER.—Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

LEADER.—Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

LEADER.—Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

ALL.—Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you,

And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven:

For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 244.

Unison Recitation.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—*Psalm xxiii.*

No. 245.

Responsive Reading.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.
 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.
 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;
There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.
Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.
With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.—*Psalm xci.*

No. 246.

Unison Recitation.

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength wherewith he hath girden himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.
 Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.
 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.
 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.
 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.—*Ps. xciii.*

No. 247.

Responsive Reading.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
**The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth,
 and even for evermore.—Psalm cxxi.**

No. 248.

Responsive Reading.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.
 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.
 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.
**He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree
 which shall not pass.**
 Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire, and hail; snow and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word:
 Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:
Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:
 Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:
Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:
 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is
 above the earth and heaven.
**He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the
 children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.—Ps. cxlviii.**

No. 249.

Unison Recitation.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not,
 nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds
 return after the rain:
 In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall
 bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look
 out of the windows be darkened,
 And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,
 and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall
 be brought low;
 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way,
 and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and
 desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about
 the streets:
 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be
 broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.
 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto
 God who gave it.—Ecclesiastes xii: 1-7.

No. 250.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Responsive Reading.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them : and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you ; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

ALL.—And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.—*St. Luke : 8-20.*

No. 251.

FOR EASTER.

Responsive Reading.

But Mary stood without the sepulchre weeping : and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou ? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou ? whom seekest thou ? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni ; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not ; for I am not yet ascended to my Father : but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father ; and to my God, and your God.

Scripture Selections.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.—*St. John xx : 11-18.*

And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

And they worshipped him, and returned unto Jerusalem with great joy :

And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.—*St. Luke xx : 11-18.*

No. 252.

Unison Recitation.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his.

Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.

For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.—*Hebrews iv : 9-16.*

No. 253.

Responsive Reading.

Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feebleminded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

Rejoice evermore.

Pray without ceasing.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

Quench not the Spirit.

Despise not prophesyings.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.

And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

ALL.—Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.

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